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Buffalo Bill Weekly

DEVOTED TO
FAR WEST LIFE

Buffalo Bill AT THE Torture Stake



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NEW BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY

Devoted To



Far West Life

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No. 60.

NEW YORK, November 1, 1913.

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Buffalo Bill at the Torture Stake; Or, A CLOSE CALL AMONG THE UTES

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

CHAPTER I.

OLD COLOROW.

Old Colorow, the renowned Ute chief, rode slowly out from the fringe of aspens that bordered the stream, guiding his cayuse toward the open valley before him. As he did so, down from the slope at the opposite side of the valley another figure appeared—the figure of the great scout, Buffalo Bill, mounted on a splendid horse, with repeating rifle at his back and revolvers in his belt.

The scout and the Indian chief rode toward each other, meeting finally in the middle of the valley, well beyond possible gunshot range of the aspen fringe or the sagebrush slope.

"How?" said the Ute chieftain, as he drew rein.

"Glad to see you, Colorow," responded the scout.

For a moment they sat eying each other, as if each would read the innermost thought of the other.

Colorow, somewhat past the prime of vigorous manhood, was a tall and well-proportioned brave, with a not unhandsome face for an Indian. It was strong and showed character; the broad, high brow told of more than the average Indian intelligence; the eye was like the eye of an eagle.

A few fine lines of paint on cheek and forehead gave to the countenance a more savage look than it would otherwise have possessed. Yet the face was not daubed with paint, as Indian faces often are, nor did it show broad stripes and bands, or intricate figures and designs. Colorow was not in his war paint. This was a peaceful mission, and he had come as a peaceful man.

"The great scout sent word for the Ute chief to meet him," said Colorow, "and to come alone, and with no weapons in his hands. He has done so."

He spread out his open, empty hands.

"Yet behind the scout's back is a quick-shooting rifle, a knife in his belt, and the little, quick-shooting guns that kill many men in a minute are at his hips and in the holsters of his saddle!"

Something like scorn flashed in the eagle eyes of the chief.

"Colorow has come unarmed; the great scout has not!"

Buffalo Bill smiled quietly.

"I asked the great chief to meet me alone in the heart of this valley," he answered, "that we might talk together of the anger of his young men, and of the horse soldiers encamped beyond the mountains. I am willing to leave my arms behind me, even as he has done."

He had spoken in the chief's native tongue.

He turned his horse slowly about, and with his back to the chief rode slowly away for a hundred paces, and there, dismounting, he proceeded to divest himself of all his weapons.

Colorow sat on the ground, watching him, with face grave and impassive.

The scout left his horse picketed on the plain, and returned to the meeting place on foot.

The Indian chief had his pipe out and was rubbing together between his brown palms some tobacco mixed with willow bark.

Buffalo Bill dropped to a seat on the grass, facing the mute chieftain. Colorow said not a word, but continued to pulverize the tobacco and bark in his hands; and then stuffed the mixture into the bowl of the pipe.

Having filled the pipe, he produced from the beaded deerskin pouch at his side flint and steel, and struck

sparks into the tobacco, drawing solemnly on the long stem until the tobacco had ignited.

Having lighted the pipe, he blew a ring of smoke toward the north, the south, the east, and the west, thus in a manner making the sign of the cross.

Having thus invoked the favor of the spirits of the air, the water, the mountains, and the prairies on the conference that was to take place, without a word, and in the most solemn and formal manner, the chief passed the ceremonial pipe to Buffalo Bill, who repeated the singular performance. When this had been done old Colorow was ready to talk; and he opened by reminding the scout that he—Colorow—had been invited by the great scout to meet him there.

"The horse soldiers are in the valley beyond the mountains," he said, meaning at the foot of the mountains, out on the edge of the plains. "They have many men and many long-shooting guns, and their coming frightens my people."

"You know why they are there," said the scout, speaking as slowly and calmly as the chief. "They have come because your young men threaten the lives of the white men and women in the mountain valleys. The Great Father, at Washington, has heard that the white people here are in danger, and so he has sent the horse soldiers, that they may protect the white people, if needed. But the Great Father has a warm heart toward his children, the Utes; he does not wish them harmed, or frightened by the horse soldiers. Yet he must protect the white people, when they are threatened."

"My young men are uneasy because the white men take the valley land and encroach on the hunting ranges of the mountains. They have quick heads and hot hearts."

"The white men have taken no lands but those the Utes have sold to them—lands which they sold to the Great Father, and to which they have no longer any rights."

Colorow's face clouded and his thin lips curled.

"The chiefs who sold the lands had no right to sell them," he declared. "The lands belonged to the Ute people, and not to those chiefs! The false chiefs have fled, and have gone to the Snakes and the Blackfeet. The Utes have cast them out."

"Let my brother hearken to me," said the scout earnestly. "If the young men of the Utes dig up the tomahawk and turn its edge against the white people who have made homes in these valleys, I shall not be able to restrain the wrath of the Great Father, which will then burn hot against the Utes. The horse soldiers will climb over the hills, and they will come with their long-shooting guns, and there will be wailing in the Ute lodges for the young men slain."

Colorow drew his robe stiffly and proudly about him.

"Does my brother use threats?"

"No, I but speak the truth."

"Let the Great Father remove the white people who have come here, and let him send the horse soldiers away, and then there will be no trouble; the hearts of my young men will not grow hot in their breasts, if the hunting grounds are no more trodden by the feet of white men. But the white men do not even stay in the valleys; they roam over the mountains, hunting for the yellow earth which they call gold, and they scare the game away, and kill it with their rifles. The deer are

frightened, the elks are going, even the bear hides in the hollows of the hills, afraid any more to come out into the open."

Buffalo Bill was at a loss how to answer this. The charge was true; the white men were roaming everywhere, hunting for gold, and they were killing game and frightening it away.

"The Great Father gives money to the Utes," he said. "He gives them guns and knives and looking-glasses, and hatchets and nails, and many things which they would not have had. He gives these things in return for the valley lands which the white men occupy. The white men will not leave these lands."

"But the men who hunt for the yellow earth?"

"If they harm any of the people of my friend, the great chief, they will be punished for it by the Great Father. He does not wish any of his red children harmed."

"They scare away the game," Colorow insisted, with some warmth.

"They but want the yellow earth, and they will not harm the Utes, if the Utes do not attack them."

"The hearts of my young men are very hot against them. I can no longer restrain them."

"My friend, the great chief, must speak to his young men; he must repeat to them the message from the Great Father; and he must warn them! The Great Father's anger will burn, and it will melt away the Utes if it is aroused against them. Will not the great chief repeat this message to his young men; and say to them that they must not lift hand against any of the white people in these mountains."

Colorow arose abruptly, almost angrily.

The scout flushed, as if he had been slapped in the face.

"I will deliver the message," said Colorow curtly.

Then he turned abruptly, and walked slowly away, not once looking back.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTIVE WHITE GIRL.

Buffalo Bill felt some uneasiness, as he saw old Colorow walking away in that manner. It foreboded evil. The old chief had not been pleased with the interview, and it had terminated suddenly and in a manner most unsatisfactorily.

When Colorow had walked some distance the scout rose, returned to his horse, picked up his weapons, and then, mounting, rode slowly back toward the hills from which he had come.

Colorow gained the fringe of aspens, and there disappeared from sight, so that when Buffalo Bill turned round to look he was not to be seen.

Buffalo Bill knew that trouble was brewing. Already some outrages had been committed. A settler had been murdered in his cabin, and some gold hunters had been shot on one of the lonely trails.

Some of the settlers had already fled from the mountains, and others were going; and the fear of an Indian outbreak had caused the government to send a company of cavalry toward the scene. They were in camp now, over at the edge of the foothills; and Buffalo Bill, as the government scout, had been sent to find and meet Colorow and try to induce him to hold the young bucks in check.

It was now the scout's intention to return to the camp of the soldiers and there report to the officer commanding.

He climbed the high ridge from which he had surveyed the valley before descending into it, and from that point saw the mounted Ute chief riding toward the western hills.

Riding down from this ridge, he struck a trail in the ravine, and followed this for some time.

It was past midday when he came in sight of a group of houses, at the settlement known as Meekin.

Some valley farming had been attempted then by means of irrigation. Squares of green grain showed, together with gardens and small farms. The houses were clustered together in a little group.

The place was so strangely silent that when the scout came in sight of it he drew rein. Producing his field glass, he leveled it on the little town.

What he saw convinced him that the houses had been abandoned.

"Frightened away by threats of an Indian uprising," was his conclusion. "It would be well, perhaps, if all had been frightened away, for there's going to be bloody trouble in these hills within a week, in my judgment."

He had scarcely put the glass away, and was about to ride on, when he heard the scream of a woman, from a point off on his right.

The slope was steep there. Without trying to force the horse up it, he leaped from the saddle; and, leaving the horse standing in the trail, hastily climbed the intervening dike.

What he beheld when he reached the top sent the blood jumping through his veins.

Two stalwart Utes, both young, were jerking a white girl along the trail, one of them pulling her by the hair.

The one who had her by the hair jerked her forward again, and when she fell prostrate he lifted a knife. Probably he meant to scare her, but she expected death, and screamed loudly.

The angry blood mounted to the scout's ears. His rifle went to his shoulder with lightning quickness. Its report rang out, and the brutal savage who was pulling the prostrate girl threw up his hands with a wild yell of astonishment, and tumbled over on his face in the trail.

The second Indian stared wildly around. But, instead of having been frightened enough to make him abandon the girl, he caught her in his arms, and with a quick jump interposed a large boulder between himself and the unknown rifleman.

The scout fired again, without execution; and then leaped angrily down the slope.

CHAPTER III.

THE MASSACRE.

The settlement at Meekin was one of the earliest and most prosperous in the Colorado mountains. It grew up around Jim Meekin's store and trading post. The store had lately supplied few people besides the families of settlers. The miners and prospectors had moved farther on, and the Indians seldom came there of late. Hence the little town had become a quiet and almost prosaic place.

Jim Meekin was away much of the time now, and in his

absence the store and post office were tended by his daughter Lillie.

One day she was given a fright. She had not seen an Indian in months, when a big Ute stalked solemnly into the store. She had heard the clatter of hoofs in the streets, and, glancing through the window, she now saw a number of Indians out there. Some of them had dismounted and seemed about to tie their horses, but others still sat on horseback.

The Ute who had come into the store had drawn a huge knife, which of itself would have been enough to frighten a timid girl. Without speaking a word to her, he came slowly behind the counter.

She was behind the counter; and retreated before him until she came to the wall by the window, where she could go no farther, unless she hoisted the window and leaped out.

She fancied that his snaky eyes glittered, and she was aware that she had an intense desire to scream at the top of her voice.

Palpitating with fear she watched him, as he stepped slowly along.

Then she wanted to laugh; for he reached up to a shelf where there was a tobacco box, and, taking down a plug of tobacco, cut a large slice from it. He began to retreat when he had done that, and she fancied she saw a twinkle of humor in his eyes. She knew, then, that he had merely been trying to scare her, which was his Indian idea of fun.

He was hardly outside of the house, though, when some one fired a rifle. She knew, later, that this was an excited young man, who, having ordered two Indians not to enter his house, where his wife lay sick, had in a rash moment fired the shot.

The young Ute fell across the doorsill, spattering it with his blood. The young white man sprang back into the house, closing the door.

That single shot was followed by a volley, which pattered on the doors and walls of that house. It was the opening volley of the Ute war; for the enraged Utes, after losing more of their numbers, battered in the doors and windows, slew the man and his wife; and then running wildly amuck through the town slew and scalped every white person they encountered.

A few of the men, barricading themselves in a cabin with their women and children, put up a stiff fight, killing some more of the young bucks; only to fall themselves, before the thing ended.

Lillie Meekin saw only the beginning of that dreadful massacre. Frightened half out of her wits by seeing men and women shot down in the little streets as they ran for their homes, she hurried to the rear of the store. There she found a small door, through which she crept through to a back room. In the darkness there she burrowed beneath some boxes, pulling gunny bags and other things of that kind down on top of her. There she lay for hours, trembling and frightened beyond the power of words to describe, expecting all the time that the building would be burned over her head.

In the store was some whisky, in bottles and casks; and getting possession of this devil's broth the Utes wound up in a wild carousal. It was this that probably saved her. They believed they had killed every white person in

the place. The contents of the store they piled in the street. Turning their attention to the whisky, in an hour's time they were blind drunk, and more than half of them lay scattered about the streets, snoring like so many stupid hogs, dead to all things earthly.

Night came down, and still the girl shivered with dread in her hiding place. Now and then she heard wild Indian yells.

Still under the fear that the place where she was hiding would be given to the torch, she crept out of it under cover of the darkness.

As she fled she stumbled over dead men and intoxicated Indians. One of the latter rose half up as her feet struck him. He clutched at her, muttering something, and fell back.

A few Indians were still prowling about who had not been overcome by the whisky; or, if overcome, had partially recovered. They saw her, as she scrambled in horror across lots and toward the hills. And they pursued her. Then she lost all sense of direction and ran on and on, falling only to regain her feet and plunge blindly ahead.

When she felt she could go no farther she crouched down in the darkness.

Soon a desire grew on her to give warning to those who happened to be away at the time, but who might soon return and fall into the hands of the murderers. Among these was her own father. She feared, however, to try anything that night, and lay where she had fallen through the long, long hours. In all that time she heard nothing.

The town was not in sight from the point where she lay; but when, in the early morning, she had climbed to the top of the nearest hill, she was able to see it.

Though she had lived so long at Meekin she was not familiar with the hills where she now was; but getting her bearings as well as she could by the sun, she began a long detour, in the hope of striking the trail on the other side of the town, whereby she might make her way down toward the lower settlements and warn them, and also warn any traveler who might be passing over that trail.

It was afternoon, and she was hardly able to drag one foot after the other, though she was keeping on pluckily, when she was confronted by two young Utes in all the glory of war paint.

She screamed when she saw them before her, and tried to run, but they overtook her with a few quick leaps, and then they began to drive her on before them, beating her, and jerking at her hair to make her walk faster.

Then, suddenly, a rifle cracked on the high slope off at one side, and one of the young bucks who was thus amusing himself spun round suddenly, and fell forward on his face.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

The Ute brave had disappeared with the girl before Buffalo Bill could descend to the point where his rifle bullet had struck down the other savage. The shot had been a long one, and the way was rough.

The slain Indian lay in the narrow trail, his face upturned to the sun, a ghastly wound in his forehead, showing where the shot had struck.

Cody did not tarry, however. He began to search for the trail, found it in a few seconds, and would have pushed on if something else had not occurred to bid him halt.

A white man crawled out of a hollow some distance away—a white man whose face was so smeared with blood that Buffalo Bill could not see it.

The man's clothing seemed to be soaked in blood. He lifted himself, and began to stagger weakly toward the scout, while the latter ran toward him.

"All wiped out!" said the man, stumbling and about to fall, as Buffalo Bill reached him.

The scout caught him by the arm.

"Where was this?" Cody asked.

"At Meekin."

"Tell me about it."

He was producing his water bottle and pressing it against the poor fellow's fevered lips.

The man went on with his story as soon as he could.

"It happened yesterday afternoon. Utes came there, and a fight began. I was shot and fell in the street, close by my house, into which I tried to get. The Indian who shot me took my scalp as soon as I fell, and after that I didn't know anything for hours. When I came to myself it was dark, and the Indians were drunk or drinking, and everybody in the place had been killed. Then I crawled away, and—"

He choked with pain, excitement, and weariness, and the scout gave him more water.

"Your name?"

"Jasper Seaver."

"Seaver," Cody said. "I don't know whether you can ride or not; but I have a horse on the other side of this ridge; and down at Crow Butte is camped a company of the Seventh Cavalry. I can let you have that horse and a revolver, and all the food you want, and water. I'd go with you, but there was another person who escaped from Meekin, and that was a girl, who passed this point not many minutes ago. You see that dead Indian?"

Seaver stared at the corpse of the Ute.

"He and one other Ute had this young woman a prisoner, and from the top of that ridge I shot this fellow. The other caught her up and ran with her, and I had just found the trail here when you appeared."

"I might make it, if you tied me on the horse," said Seaver.

"I'll see what I can do for the wound in your shoulder, if anything."

The scout stripped back the bloody shirt. Discovering that the wound had almost ceased to bleed, he concluded to let it alone, as the shirt was sticking to it; and to tear the shirt away would be to reopen the wound.

As for the scalp wound, it required the services of a surgeon.

The scout saw that the man had an iron constitution or he could not have stood the terrible strain. Yet he feared it was expecting more than human endurance was capable of for Seaver to ride now over the long trail to Crow Butte.

But what was he to do?

The problem solved itself, as problems have a way of doing some time.

"More Indians!" cried Seaver suddenly.

He had been staring at the top of the hill in the direction from which the scout had come. Though his eyes

were dull with pain and blood filled, he had seen a figure moving there, and he believed it the figure of an Indian, with others behind it.

CHAPTER V.

OLD NICK NOMAD.

The man whom Seaver took to be an Indian rode a gnarled and shaggy horse, and carried across the saddle in front of him a long rifle of ancient manufacture. As for himself, he was as ancient and shaggy-looking as the horse; his beard and hair were long, and his clothing tattered by contact with tearing bushes and cacti. He was a small man; and, sitting crouched low in the big saddle, with his shoulders humped and his neck drawn in, he looked even smaller than he was.

Behind him he led the horse which Buffalo Bill had left on the other side of the divide.

"Old Nick Nomad!" cried the scout, with a tone of relief and delight.

"You know him?" said Seaver.

"Know him? There's no one I know better. Ah, this simplifies things! He must have been following my trail."

Nick Nomad came slowly down the slope, his wary little eyes glancing keenly round. When he drew nearer, it was seen that his wide mouth was stretched in a grin of pleasure.

"Glad ter see ye, Buffler!" was his greeting.

"I never was more pleased to see any one in my life," was the scout's truthful answer.

Nomad jogged up at an easy canter, dragging at the rein of Buffalo Bill's horse.

"Found this creetur over thar, and knowed 'twas yourn," he explained, glancing at Seaver, who through weakness had sunk to a seat on the ground. "Been follerin' yer trail for a goodish spell, Buffler. Struck it over on t'other side o' thet long slope, after you'd had that confab with ther Injun in the valley."

Seaver was looking at this strange figure, and wondering how the old trapper knew so much.

"Who war that you war confabin' with, Buffler?"

"Old Colorow."

"Thet old skunk!"

"I met him, in hope that something could be done to prevent a Ute outbreak."

"She's already come, Buffler!"

"Yes, I know it; here's evidence of it!"

He indicated Seaver.

"We haven't any time to talk, Nick. I've got work for you to do at once. The Utes have massacred the people at Meekin. This man, Mr. Seaver, and a girl escaped. She is a prisoner, and a Ute, who was a companion of that fellow lying dead there, went on down this trail with her. He must be followed at once. Seaver must be taken to some place where he can get proper attention, and the Seventh Cavalry, at Crow Butte, must be notified that the Utes are on the warpath. Could you ride at once to Crow Butte?"

"Yes, Buffler, I stands ready ter kerry out orders."

He dismounted, dropped down by the side of Seaver, and together he and Buffalo Bill helped the wounded man to the back of the scout's horse. Then old Nick swung up into his own saddle. Leading the scout's horse, he turned about, and saw Buffalo Bill glide out of sight, down into a gully where the trail led, and off in pursuit of the Indian who had dragged the girl away.

CHAPTER VI.

THE UNDERGROUND RIVER.

There were indications that the Indian had hurried straight on. At first he had carried the girl; but a little later he had set her down and forced her on at a rapid gait. These points were easy to determine by a trailer so skilled as Buffalo Bill.

The trail led by and by into a wild ravine, which showed lava in sheets and in broken boulders, this lava being like flint. An elephant could have made no impression in passing over it.

Working slowly along, his eyes seeing everything before him and on each side of him, the scout came into a still lower part of the ravine. At the bottom there was a dry water channel, with water at intervals standing in holes.

A little later, somewhat to his surprise, the channel dropped from sight in a hole which resembled a well. A sheet of lava had been thrown across at some time in the remote past, covering in the channel; but the river had here bored a hole and disappeared in it.

For a time the scout hesitated, looking at that dark hole. Not a trace of the passage of the Indian and his prisoner could be seen, and none had been detected for a quarter of a mile back.

Going on beyond the hole the scout scanned the lava crust there. The wash and wear of water and frost had disintegrated some of the lava, and the disintegrated portions lay like black sand in the little hollows. But in no place could the scout come upon a footprint.

Returning to the well-like opening, the scout put his hat on the head of his rifle and thrust it over the edge. To one below it would have seemed that the owner of the hat was trying to look down into the opening without exposing himself.

The scout tried this from different sides of the hole, hoping it would draw a shot from the Indian, if he were hiding below.

When the projection of his hat over the opening drew no shot, he gathered some dead leaves and brushwood, and forming these into a sort of torch he lighted it and tossed it into the well-like space. As he did so he listened intently, for he felt sure if the Indian were below, that sudden descent of the fiery mass would drive him back. Yet he heard nothing.

Venturing to look over at last, the light of the fire which had fallen to the bottom of the hole showed the ragged edges of the "well," and also showed a hole which opened horizontally, like a ragged tunnel, or a section of twisted and broken water pipe.

Water streaming down into the "well" was drawn off through that hole. But there was no water in the well now. Otherwise, the fire would not have burned.

When the torch went out and the smoke cleared out of the opening, Buffalo Bill swung himself over and descended carefully, letting himself down by clinging to the jagged edges of lava.

The bottom of the "well" was twenty feet below the surface. He reached it quickly. Stooping over the edge he peered into the horizontal tunnel. It was as black as the fabled "stack of black cats."

No sound came from that hole, though the scout crouched for some time in the opening, listening.

It seemed so improbable that the Indian had gone in

there that Buffalo Bill climbed out of the "well," for another look about.

He went to the farther side and found that the lava blocked in the old bed of the stream. Because of it, the only way out of the ravine—which here became a "pocket"—was by a tiresome climb up over the mountains, which rose in rugged peaks and sheer walls.

The scout went back. He had lost much time, yet he was sure now that the Ute had gone into that "well." He therefore descended into it again, and crawled into the tunnel, making his way along on his hands and knees, feeling his course before him, for he could not know that some awful chasm or fissure was not under his very nose, so great was the darkness.

When he had advanced in this way for some time he was stopped by the sound of trickling water. It was right before him; and, as he crept on, his hands touched the edge of the stream.

Venturing now to strike a match, he saw before him a small stream of water, which came from a hole at the right. This was the juncture joint of two tunnels; and from this, straight on, the water filled the single channel. But the tunnel was now much enlarged, partaking of the nature of a cavern. The ceiling, or roof, was black lava, honeycombed; and the walls and the floor were also of lava. The floor had been rubbed smooth as an asphalt pavement by the passage of water, and it was at this point that Buffalo Bill had the first proof that he was on the right track, and had made no mistake in thinking the Indian had taken that course for a wet moccasin footprint, that had not been given time to dry in that underground place, showed on the edge of the stream.

The heart of the scout leaped with exultation when he beheld it.

Having noted the general direction, and that the stream ran on as far as he could see, the scout set out now, walking in the water.

The air was cool and damp and the water cold. The little stream gurgled musically, now and then making so much sound that Buffalo Bill stopped to listen, in order to ascertain if any other sounds were rising in that strange underground place.

So long as the water ran straight on he knew he could not tumble into any great chasm, though he might fall into a hole which contained deep water. The latter did not trouble him—he could swim; and it was a relief to walk straight on, with the assurance that the next step would not plunge him into some rift that might be hundreds of feet deep.

After a time he heard a roar, as of a waterfall, showing that at that point the stream tumbled over rocks, and when he drew near this, Buffalo Bill struck another match. Holding it over his head he tried to get a view of the falls.

The channel contracted at this point, making the water deeper. If he went on, he saw that when he neared the falls the water would probably rise over the tops of his high boots. There was no shore on either side.

He struck another match, and walked a little farther; and as he did this he was startled by seeing a wet moccasin track at the foot of the steep, black cliff on his right.

The next moment an arrow flitted by his head, striking in the water, and he dropped down, to avoid another, and drew a revolver. His hand striking the water put out the match.

Following, and almost accompanying, that arrow shot, there was a struggle somewhere on that steep, black cliff, and the scream of a woman rang out with a distinctness that was startling.

The scout knew that the scream came from the girl prisoner. He struck another match, that he might see what was going on, even though at the risk of calling forth another arrow.

As he scratched the match, a form shot with a sliding motion down the cliff toward him, striking in the water and throwing it in a shower in his face.

The match flared up and revealed the girl in the water, almost within reach of his hand. It revealed, too, the Ute, tumbling down the lava wall, as if he had thrown himself bodily in pursuit of her.

The splashing water put out the match even as it flared into flame; then the Ute struck the water with another splash that threw a shower into the face of the scout.

He heard the Ute yell wildly; heard a wild scrambling and floundering. Trying to strike another match, that he might know what to do and see what was being done, the scout became aware that the struggle had ceased suddenly. The roar of the falls alone sounded, with the swash and gurgle of the current against the ragged lava rocks.

The scout's face and clothing were showered and wet; but the match case was dry, and he drew out another match. With some difficulty he got it to flare up, and, holding it up, looked about. No human form was to be seen. On the lava wall were wet marks, showing where the water had splashed. That was all.

"Gone over the falls!" was his conclusion.

CHAPTER VII.

IN PERIL OF HIS LIFE.

Buffalo Bill was undeniably in a quandary. It seemed not courage, but mere foolhardiness, to leap into the falls and shoot over them into the unknown darkness, in order to continue this singular underground pursuit, when he did not know whether the girl or the Ute were still alive.

While he stood hesitating, he caught the gleam of another light from upstream. It was but a momentary glimpse, but it was startling. This light vanished; then swung into view again; and he saw that it was in a canoe occupied by Utes. They were coming downstream, and straight toward him. The light was fixed as a torch in the bow; and one of the Utes, sitting beside it, was paddling energetically to keep the frail craft off the rocks.

The scout's position was exceedingly ticklish. A fight seemed the only solution, and he loosed his revolvers. Then he remembered the shelf from which the girl and the Ute had tumbled. The Ute had climbed up to that point, and he could do the same. It ought to be easier for him than for the Ute, for the latter had been hampered by the girl.

Though the scout could see the boat plainly by this time, the occupants could not see him. The light of the torch did not reach far enough for that, and it also blinded them to objects any distance off.

There was no time for hesitation, and Buffalo Bill began scrambling up the face of the rock, and reached the shelf where the Ute had crouched with the girl. He remained concealed on the rock as the boat came shooting on toward the falls.

He was aware now that this underground stream was

thoroughly familiar to the Utes, which accounted for the fact that the Indian with the prisoner had taken it.

It seemed, likely, as the true reason for the Ute's wait there on the shelf, that he had been waiting for the coming of this boat, fearing to trust himself to the falls without such aid.

The Utes in the boat were not watching the black walls that swept by them, but they could hardly help seeing those wet streaks made by the scout's climb up to the shelf, and one of them cried out his discovery, and there was a wild backing of paddles.

The scout lifted a revolver. In the boat he saw a number of articles which he did not doubt had been taken from the houses at Meekin. These Utes were some of the murderous young braves who had attacked that place.

While the scout crouched on the shelf above the stream, with revolver lifted, something moved behind him, startling him, and gave him the unpleasant feeling that an enemy was in there. Then a red hand reached out and snatched at the revolver, clutching Buffalo Bill by the arm.

There had been two Utes on that ledge over the stream! One of them had come down the underground river with the girl. The second must have been already on the shelf, waiting for the boat, being joined there by the one who held the girl. And this second one was still there when the scout climbed up to the shelf.

It was enough to unnerve almost any man not so iron-hearted as the great scout. He jerked his arm forward, to shake off that clutch; and the next instant he was fighting desperately with the savage on the ledge.

A cry rang out from the Ute, summoning help from those below.

Buffalo Bill tried to use his knife or revolver in the contracted area but the savage had locked his long arms round the scout and held on mercilessly.

A clamor of excitement rose from the boat. Then the scout and warrior fell off the shelf together, whirling and sliding down the lava wall, while the cries from the boat rose in a screaming babel.

The struggling men struck the boat, burying it under water and throwing out the occupants.

Buffalo Bill felt himself caught by the current and swept on toward the falls, even while he still fought with the Ute who had clutched him. The Ute's arms relaxed suddenly; and then the scout knew he was shooting over the falls, and had the sensation of being thrown through the air. He knew that he was falling through the water, or being driven through whirlpools; and then he shot to the surface, popping up like a submerged log shooting to the surface; and the cool air filled his lungs again. There were dark spots round him that appeared to be men scrambling in the water, though he could not be sure of that.

He supported himself on the surface as well as he could, and felt the racing current sweep him on. And soon he seemed to be alone. All round him was darkness, in which nothing was visible. As he thus drove on, a distant point of light came slowly toward him. He took courage when he beheld it, for it indicated daylight. The strength of the current was decreasing, too, as the falls were left behind.

As the light came nearer and began to make its influence felt, showing the black walls between which the stream ran, the scout became aware that a dark object floating near him was the overturned boat. It floated bot-

tom up, almost within reach of his hand. He looked round, thinking to see some of the Indians but he saw nothing else.

"I'm afraid that girl never came over the waterfall alive!" was his thought. "It seems to me that some of those Utes, or all of them, were drowned."

It was clear, though, that it was a habit of these Indians to run the waterfall with boats. Perhaps it offered a short cut to some interior valley, saving a long journey across the wild mountains.

The approaching point of light was the end of the tunnel in which the scout had been so long; here the stream flowed out again into daylight, after its submerged journey.

The scout swam to the boat and laid a hand on it, that he might have its aid in supporting himself in the water. As he clung thus to it, the current carried him along, and finally shot him out into the light through the opening.

Just before him was a naked sand bar, in a bend of the stream. Then his heart jumped with the discovery that followed; for beyond the ridge of stones and gravel were Ute tepees, with smoke rising from them, and Indians moving among them. Close down by the water were a number of ponies, with Ute boys playing near them, while men and women were near the stream.

To escape discovery seemed impossible.

Yet even then the scout's courage did not forsake him. If the girl had escaped the peril of the waterfall, she was certainly in this village and in one of those lodges. If he could find concealment and remain hidden until night, he could hope to find her and release her.

He dived with the softness of an otter, sinking down out of sight and rising under the end of the canoe, leaving only his face visible. Thus he drifted on, wondering if in this manner he could run past the village.

In a little while the boat grounded softly against the bar. Rising half erect, as he reached the sandy shore, he turned round and was astounded to see an Indian swim out from behind the other end of the boat. The redman reached the sand bar and rose to his feet. For an instant the scout and the Ute stood staring at each other.

With a quick motion Buffalo Bill drew his knife, for he saw that the Ute meant to yell, and that would have aroused the village and brought a score of warriors. He leaped at the Ute at the same time, but quick as he was he was not quick enough to prevent the Indian from giving his death yell. Then the scout was on the astonished brave, who apparently had not known that Buffalo Bill was at the other end of the boat until he saw him in the water.

There was a sickening thud as the scout drove home the long knife. The warrior fell back into the water, and with a push of his foot the scout threw him out into the current.

But that yell had done its work. The village was alarmed, other savages took up the cries, and a number of warriors came running toward the cottonwoods fringing the stream.

The opposite shore of the stream was composed of an impassable cliff, rising like the side of a house. Even if that side of the stream could have been gained that cliff could hardly be scaled, and while the effort was being made the Utes would have had plenty of time to pick off the fugitive with their rifles and arrows.

For the scout to jump back into the water and trust to

the boat, or trust to hiding under and behind it again, seemed a wild and barren hope.

The only other alternative was to hide in the bushes, which were extremely thin at that point. Yet there could be no delay. The scout thrust his knife into its sheath and drew one of his revolvers. He was not given much time to determine the best course of action, for the warriors were now close to him.

With a great jump he tried to clear the open, sandy space and leave no telltale tracks; but the distance was so great that the heels of his boot scraped the sand at the point where he landed in the bushy shelter. There he burrowed farther in, and, crouching low, waited with anxious feelings, holding the ready revolver.

Buffalo Bill was no more than well concealed when the Ute braves reached the sand bar. They saw the boat, tracks of the single Indian, and the marks of the struggle when the Ute tumbled back with the knife gash in his heart. Then, looking downstream, they observed a black head bob on the surface of the water.

A wailing cry followed. Some of the braves ran along the bar, and leaping into the stream brought the dead Indian ashore. They gathered round him, wailing loudly, and howling out their desire for revenge against his slayer.

Some of them began to search along the bar.

The scout saw them, and he knew that if discovery came, as it seemed it must, he would have to fight for his life.

Both revolvers came out, and he loosed the rifle that had all the while been strapped to his back.

With a revolver in each hand, he watched the searching braves as they moved along the sand bar and came on toward his hiding place.

"It's a fight, and to the finish!" was his thought, as he watched their slow advance.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRISONER OF THE UTES.

The foremost of the Utes reached the point where the scout had left the water, and there his roving eyes beheld the spot scraped in the sand by Buffalo Bill's boot heel.

He lifted his eyes to the fringe of the willows. He gave a yell, drew his hatchet, and strode toward the willows, the other braves jumping in behind him.

As they thus moved upon the willow fringe Buffalo Bill rose into view with revolvers leveled. But when he pulled the triggers the only sound was an ominous "click, click!" He pulled the triggers again, and then again; but the cartridges had been spoiled by that long soaking in the river, and were useless.

Hurling the revolvers at the savages, who understood his predicament and came leaping on toward him, he lifted his rifle from his shoulder and leveled it at them. Click! The cartridges in the rifle were as useless as those in the revolvers.

With wild whoops the Utes darted upon him. Buffalo Bill retreated slowly, swinging the rifle round his head as a club, and with it knocking down the Ute who came first.

One after another fell under his quick blows but the rest came straight on, yelling wildly, and eager to lay hands on him.

Hurling the rifle at them, as they dove within the circle of its guard, he met them defiantly with his knife.

One he struck down, killing him instantly, another he gashed dangerously, and then he went down himself, under a struggling heap, overborne by the sheer weight of numbers, and a blow between the eyes stretched him senseless.

When he came back to himself he was lying on the sand, with hands and feet tied, and a score or more of Utes wildly dancing and howling round him.

Others were running toward the sand bar from the village—a motley lot, with many women and children running in their midst. With the foremost ran old Colorow himself, and when the chief came up, the enraged and victorious braves were venting their hate and spite on Buffalo Bill by kicking him savagely.

Buffalo Bill lay on the sand, looking defiantly at his captors, and seeming to take no more heed of their kicks than if he were a log of wood.

Colorow stopped before the prisoner, and looked at him sternly. Already the word had gone out that the prisoner was the great scout, Buffalo Bill, better known to them as Long Hair; and the knowledge that so redoubtable a scout and fighter had fallen into their hands filled them with fiendish joy.

Looking down at the helpless prisoner, Colorow spoke to him. "Why is the Long Hair here?" he said, in Ute. "I left him far away from here. But he is here, in the borders of my village; and his knife and rifle have been busy with my warriors!"

Buffalo Bill tried to sit up, and succeeded in gaining a half-sitting position on the sand.

"I did not know that the village of the great chief was here," he said, answering indirectly.

"The great scout, Long Hair, came through the drowned river?" questioned Colorow.

"Yes."

"How did he find it?"

"By accident."

"Was it an accident that made him drive a knife into the heart of the brave who lies dead over there?"

"He attacked me as I left the water, and I had to defend myself."

"The great scout has invaded my village, and has killed some of the bravest of my warriors. What has he to say?"

"I did it because they were trying to kill me."

The women who had gathered about him, began to howl, and the angry braves crowded nearer, yelling for the life of the scout.

"Take him to the village," was the command of the chief.

They lifted him to his feet. Releasing the cords about his ankles, so that he could walk with short steps, they drove him on ahead of them, lashing him with thongs.

Having been driven to the village by the howling mob of dancing savages, Buffalo Bill was thrust into one of the larger lodges. There the cords that were on his ankles were tightened, and the knots of the cords that held his wrists were looked to. Then for a time he was let alone with his own thoughts.

By and by Colorow came in. The scout had been expecting him.

"How?" said the chief gravely.

"How!" Buffalo Bill answered.

Cody lifted himself on his elbow, and then with difficulty to a sitting position. His hands were tied together behind his back.

Colorow squatted just within the entrance.

"The Long Hair has brought trouble to himself by coming here," said the chief gravely. "Why did he come?"

"I came because a young maiden of the white race was taken prisoner by a Ute brave and brought here."

Colorow started; and his manner told the scout, what he wished to know, that the girl was even then in the village.

"I followed the brave who held her a prisoner to the hole that opens into the sunken river, and then I came on through that hole."

"Long Hair killed the brave who was with her?"

"No."

"Where is that brave?"

"They went together over the falls that are in the sunken river. I did not see them after that. I do not know how the maiden came on through to this place."

"I have not said the maiden is here!"

"I know that she is."

Colorow stood in silent thought for a moment.

"The scout did not kill the brave who held her?"

"No."

"Was not the brave who held her the one with the knife wound, who was found in the water?"

"I think not."

"Why did he slay that brave with the knife?"

"I followed the sunken river, and I saw the brave and the maiden go through the falls, or over them. I hid on a shelf by the falls. A boat came down the stream, with Utes in it. A Ute who was hiding on the shelf waiting for that boat attacked me. We fell into the water together. I was swept over the falls. Then I floated and swam on till I came here. I found the boat floating, and clung to it. The Ute brave whom I killed was clinging to the other end of it. I did not know that. When he came out of the water I was forced to fight him, and slew him. That is all I know."

Colorow looked at him steadily.

"Long Hair has caused the death of many braves to-day. The warriors and the women and children cry aloud for his blood. I could not save him if I would."

"But the white maiden is here?"

"She is here."

"She came alone?"

Again the chief was silent.

"Yes, alone; she came floating down the sunken river on a log. We found her on the sand bar, where she was wandering round like one who dreams bad dreams. She is in one of the lodges."

"You will release her?"

"No."

"The white soldiers will come, and will slay many Ute warriors, if she is harmed," warned the scout sternly.

"She cannot go! We do not fear the soldiers."

He looked at the scout in silence.

"Did you know, Colorow, that the town of Meekin had been attacked and the people wiped out while we were holding that conference, or before it? Your warriors did that. The canoe that came down the sunken river was loaded with plunder."

"The braves who were in the canoe have not appeared to tell of it," said the chief significantly. "It may be that the Long Hair slew them there in the sunken river."

"No."

"They have not come. Perhaps the river swallowed them."

He backed toward the entrance. In another moment he had slipped through and was gone.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GIRL CAPTIVE.

Colorow was a wary old dog. Accustomed to doing a lot of lying himself whenever it served his purpose, he was ready to expect lying on the part of the scout. The presence of the scout there and the fact that he had descended through the sunken river were ominous matters to him.

The Utes had believed that the sunken-river route to the village was known only to themselves. The only other way the place could be reached was by rough climbing over some high mountains, difficult on horseback.

But now it seemed that the horse soldiers probably knew of the sunken river. The scout had come through it; and he was looked on as the leader of the dreaded horse soldiers, otherwise the United States cavalry. A company of these troopers, as Colorow knew, was stationed at, or near, Crow Butte. They might even then be on their way to the village, following the scout through the sunken river. Therefore, one of the first things Colorow did when he left the lodge was to send some of his braves into the sunken river, with instructions to pass up it to and beyond the falls, and as much farther as might be necessary to determine if the soldiers were approaching by that route. They were also instructed to look for the crew of the boat of whom Buffalo Bill had told.

To the clamorous braves and women who demanded the death of the scout, and who had already begun to dance and howl in anticipation of that event, Colorow made crafty promises, telling that as soon as it was surely known the horse soldiers were not coming they might have the scout to do with as it pleased them. This was so gratifying that they yelled their delight.

The outlook for Cody was not bright; but the scout was not thinking of his own peril half so much as he was of the peril of the girl, and of the settlers in the lonely valleys, on whom would now descend all the horrors of Indian warfare.

Lillie Meekin's thoughts were even more somber than those of the scouts, as she listened to that confusion of yells, of drumbeats, of loud wailing, and all the babble and noise that had followed the capture of Buffalo Bill. She did not understand what had caused this sudden outburst, for her lodge was not where she could see down to the river even when she dared to lift the flap of the lodge skins and look out.

An Indian guard stood by this lodge, too; and he uttered guttural exclamations, that drove her back in fear and trembling whenever she took one of those cautious surveys from under the edge of the lodge skins.

A border war was now on. The Utes had risen. This was the knowledge that had come to Lillie Meekin. She was now seeing the savage and the implacable side of the Indian; and she shivered with fear in her prison lodge as she listened to those wild yells, for she ex-

pected the Indians to rush in and slay her. Hence, when the flap of the lodge shook, she shrank back with a cry of fear.

Colorow had drawn the flap aside and came on in.

"How!" he said, using his usual salutation.

He dropped down in a squatting posture before her, while she shrank from him against the wall of the lodge.

"The White Rose need have no fear," he said, trying to smile upon her.

"I do not understand Ute very well," she answered.

He continued, however, to address her in that tongue, which she understood somewhat.

"The White Rose need have no fear, for she will not be harmed. She is to become the squaw of the great chief, Colorow."

He grinned with an attempt at amiable familiarity.

"Why are they making so much noise?" she asked, trembling.

"They dance with joy."

"But that wailing?"

"That," he said, with what she thought was a sniff of contempt, "is the wailing of the squaws. Many braves have gone the long trail to the happy hunting grounds. The women wail and cry for vengeance."

"But was there not a fight a while ago? I thought there was a fight!"

"The great scout, Buffalo Bill, crept into the edge of the village to spy it out, that he might lead the horse soldiers here, and was captured. They hold him now in the prison lodge, and by and by they will burn him at the torture stake."

She felt her flesh creep. The knowledge that the great scout, Buffalo Bill, was also a prisoner in the village stirred her strangely. She did not see how his presence there could help her; yet, somehow, it made her feel different, and more hopeful, just to know that another white person was there, even though he was a prisoner. At the same time, she was horrified by this cool statement, that Buffalo Bill was soon to be burned at the stake.

"So, that's what all that noise means?"

He did not answer.

"It can do no one any good to hold me here," she urged, her voice trembling.

"Does not the White Rose understand that she is to become the squaw of Colorow?"

"But I do not wish to become the squaw of any one," said the girl, understanding what he meant, even though some of his words were unfamiliar to her. "I wish to go back to my people."

"The Utes are to be the people of the White Rose. Her own people are dead, at Meekin."

"But my father was not there!" she declared, though fear showed in her tones.

She could not be sure he had not been killed in one of the trails leading to the town, or slain somewhere else.

"The Utes are now the people of the White Rose. Tonight the Long Hair will be kissed by the flames of the torture fire. If the horse soldiers come they will meet their death in the mountains. The great Ute nation has risen, and it will slay all who come against it."

For a long time old Colorow sat there, talking to her in guttural, ogling her, and trying to make himself attractive in her eyes.

Finally, to her great relief, he rose to go, smiling

coarsely upon her, and assuring her for the hundredth time that she was to become his squaw, which he seemed to think would be for her a great honor.

CHAPTER X.

BUFFALO BILL AT THE TORTURE STAKE.

Just before night the braves sent into the sunken river returned. Their coming was greeted by a renewal of the howling which at intervals had been going on ever since the capture of Buffalo Bill.

With them they had two of the Indians who had been in the boat when it went over the falls. Thrown out of the boat, they had clambered upon ledges, where they had clung until the searchers came and released them.

The others had, no doubt, been drowned.

Some of the searchers had gone to the farther end of the sunken river, but had discovered there no trace of the presence of white men.

Colorow, who was of those who met the returning warriors at the river's edge, told them sharply that they should have gone farther into the mountains, to make sure that the horse soldiers were not near.

But, in truth, they had been too anxious to witness the torture and death of Buffalo Bill to remain away from the village long; and, for that same reason, the old chief feared they had not made their search very thorough.

The wailing of the women was renewed, when it seemed clear that more warriors had met their death; and again the loud demands for the torture of the scout rose on the air from the lips of the clamoring warriors.

Colorow put them off with renewed promises and evasions. He intended that they should have their fill of the pleasure of torturing the great scout to death, but he feared to hurry that delightful performance, knowing that if the horse soldiers came upon the village later and discovered what had been done they would show no mercy.

Again he went into the prison lodge where the scout was held and had another talk with him, trying this time to learn what the intentions of the horse soldiers were. He received little satisfaction, and when he came out he sent more warriors out through the hills, to guard against a surprise that night, and placed strong guards about the village.

Within the village itself, in the big council lodge that rose near the center, a great council gathered, at which the situation was discussed.

When the council ended, more dancing followed, with more boastings, and some conjuring on the part of the medicine men, whose wonderful tricks of magic and their supposed power to harm the soldiers and protect the Utes wrought the braves up to a pitch of wild enthusiasm.

Colorow still delayed the promised torture dance, while the Indian scouts were out in the hills.

Twice there were alarms during the night, and the guards came rushing in. One of these alarms was occasioned by a wolf. The other, it was said, came about through the visit of a specter, that came down from the edge of the water, floating along the ground like a white mist, but in the shape of a white man, who rode a strange, shaggy horse that left no hoofprints in the sand.

The place where this spectral white man had been seen by one of the guards was scanned by the light of torches, and nothing was discovered; but as this was in accord with the statement of the guard that the spectral horse

had left no hoofprints, the absence of the hoofprints was taken as proof of the story.

Buffalo Bill heard much of the wild boastings in the council lodge, for the prison lodge was not far distant from it; and he heard some snatches of this singular tale. A smile curled his lips.

"I wonder if that could have been old Nick Nomad?" was his query, and the thought gave him some hope and comfort. But the night passed away and no Nick Nomad appeared.

It had seemed too good to be true; and it had seemed, also, that it could not be true, because of the fact that old Nick was supposed to be at the time far away, at or near Crow Butte.

With the coming of day the clamor of the warriors for the life of the scout was renewed, and shortly after sunrise Buffalo Bill was brought forth from the prison lodge to die. His hands were still tied behind his back, and the cords that bound his ankles would permit him to take only short steps.

A great crowd of warriors surrounded him, and on the outskirts of this throng were the women and children, clamorous, and shrieking their hate at him.

Now and then an old hag pushed violently through the crowd. Hurling filth at him, and squalling out her rage, she seemed a fiend rather than a woman.

Buffalo Bill came forth from that prison lodge smiling. The sun was in his face, and it lighted his handsome countenance. It was like a benediction. He was almost sure that he was to die now—in fact, he did not see how he could escape. Nevertheless, he did not flinch. The stout heart that had so long sustained him was as stout as ever.

Out in an open space a stake had been driven, and around it fagots had been heaped.

To this stake the scout was led. He had not forgotten what had been said of the spectral horseman seen by the river. He had hoped that this supposed specter was old Nick Nomad.

The Indian yells rose in a mad tumult, as the scout thus walked calmly to the fagot stake; and they rose again, screaming like the howls of maddened wolves, as the ropes were put in place to hold him to the stake.

And still Nick Nomad did not appear.

The scout would have made a fight for his life if he had not seen how useless that would be.

But he did not intend to be burned to death—roasted alive, as these yelling Indians planned. At the last he would try to make such a fight, or say such bitter things, that they would kill him suddenly, and save him the torture. He could not fight, with hands and feet tied, and those scores of Indians surrounding him, any more than he could run. But he could talk—he could say taunting things, and so anger them that they would kill him.

He continued to smile in that calm way as he was bound to the stake, and even while the fuel was being piled higher about his legs. He looked off at the sky, and the watching Utes thought they saw his lips move as if in prayer to the Great Spirit.

Old Colorow came out of his lodge, and with arms folded watched what was going on, without attempting to interfere.

The scout did not appeal to him, knowing its uselessness. Colorow did not wish the life of this man pro-

longed; but if he had wished it he could not then have prolonged it. That would have exceeded even his authority and influence.

A big Ute danced forward and smote the scout on the cheek.

"The dog of a white man dies!" he yelled.

"Long Hair dies!" others howled, dancing with delight, and screeching squaws rushed in with knives, and tried to hack his flesh, but were thrown back by the braves. Other squaws, with burning splinters, tried to drive them into his skin.

The big Ute produced a torch and lighted it, waving it round his head. A pandemonium of yells broke forth. Then, suddenly, the yells were broken into by a scream. Miss Meekin had, in some manner, wriggled out of her bonds and evaded her guard, and was running into the crowd, with hands stretched out. She was as mad with excitement as any squaw there; and mad with a desire to save the scout, whose life they sought.

The diversion in his favor was but temporary, for she was caught by the hair and thrown to the ground; and then the enraged squaws sprang on her, beating her until she was almost insensible.

Again rang out the howls of the braves, demanding the sacrifice of the scout at the torture stake, and, thus summoned, with a yell of hate and triumph the big Ute applied the torch to the fuel heaped up about Buffalo Bill, and the fire flamed up with an angry roar.

But at the same instant there was a strange, quavering cry from the high, distant cliffs.

As that cry rose an arrow came hurtling down from the sky, dropping point downward into the midst of the fire. It had been shot from that cliff.

Old Colorow, who had suddenly become as frantic in his hate against the scout as any of the others, kicked the fire apart, when he saw that arrow, and drew the arrow out of the midst of the fagots. It was wrapped about with snakeskin, which the fire had begun to scorch.

The scattered fagots lay about on the ground, smoking, with the fire still flickering over them.

As Colorow lifted the snakeskin arrow another cry came—this time from one of the Indians by the fire; and he was seen pointing his finger at the cliff from which that first cry had seemed to come.

There, outlined against the cliff, was a skeleton horse and rider. The sightless eyes of the rider seemed staring down into the village, and the hands of the rider were raised, as if he held a weapon.

A puff of smoke was seen, and a report sounded; but before the report reached the ears of the astonished Indians the big Ute who had applied the torch to the fagots leaped into the air with a surprised yell, and fell over on his back on the ground.

The puff of smoke swelled out like an enveloping cloud, and when it slowly lifted the skeleton rider and the skeleton horse were gone. A panic prevailed among the Utes.

The big Ute who apparently had been slain by the bullet from that rifle leaped to his feet; and now he was jumping about, screeching, swinging his arms, yelling, gyrating like a jumping-jack. He ended by tumbling back again, where he lay as if lifeless.

The Indians were scattering with cries of fear.

Buffalo Bill made a violent struggle to break the cords that held him. His feet came free, for the fire had

touched the cords there and weakened them; but he could not release his hands.

Miss Meekin took a hand at this juncture. She had been neglected and forgotten by the Utes, and had in a measure recovered her strength. Her great desire to aid the scout helped her.

Seizing a knife now from the belt of a Ute, she sprang at the stake where the scout stood bound, and with a thrust of the knife cut through the rope that held him to the stake. As she struck again with the knife an Indian leaped at her, caught her by the hair, and threw her back to the ground.

The yell of this Indian warned the others that the scout was in danger of escaping, and some of them rushed at him.

That interrupted knife stroke delivered by Miss Meekin had cut through the rawhide that held his wrists together. He tore them apart, and jumped for the knife which she had dropped. As he arose with it, the foremost Indian sprang at him; but was struck down with the knife.

The scout now tried to fight his way to the girl who had come so heroically to his aid at the risk of her life; but this he could not do. She was being carried back, unconscious; and the Indians, pressing him now, drove him back.

He held them at bay with the swinging knife, striking down one who dashed at him; and so he continued to retreat in the direction of the river.

The village had apparently gone insane with mad excitement. Some of the Utes were running away wildly, in fear of the skeleton rider and horse that had been seen on the high cliff.

Others surrounded the girl, dragging her away.

A mob of them pursued the scout, who fought them as he retreated, he being hampered by the swollen condition of his legs and by the fact that his muscles were stiff from the long constriction to which they had been subjected.

Still others of the Utes were about the big Ute who had acted so strangely after being stricken down by the ball from the rifle of the skeleton horseman.

The squaws and children were screaming like fiends, and the Indian dogs were adding their wild wolflike barks and howls to the universal pandemonium.

Though the skeleton horse and rider had disappeared from the high cliff, a puff of smoke billowed there again, and one of the foremost of the Indians who were crowding Buffalo Bill threatening to strike him down, leaped up, with a spasmodic jerk, and fell forward on his face.

The scout and his pursuers were close by the river now, and the stricken Ute, falling into the water, was swept away.

The scout backed into the water, still holding his furious pursuers at bay; but that shot, coming again so strangely, and laying an Indian low, favored him more than all his own efforts.

The pursuing Indians fell back, with startled cries, and pointed up to the high cliff. A little smoke cloud rested there, billowing lightly, and seeming to be but a section of misty fog. No human being was in sight; but it was at, or near, the spot where the spectral horseman had shown himself.

With a sudden leap now, like a fish springing up, the

scout flung himself backward. He struck the water, and went under like an otter.

The astonished Indians yelled again. They rushed into the water up to their waists, and stood waiting. A half an hour later they were still waiting, for the scout had not reappeared on the surface of the stream.

As for the big Ute who had set fire to the fagots, then had fallen back when that rifle sounded, and after that had jumped about and cut such high jinks as no sane and sensible warrior could be expected to do, he was now going about, with his hand pressed to his head, staring vacantly and muttering strange things.

His friends, in spite of their superstitious fears, caught him, and throwing him down examined him, to discover the wound which the supposed bullet had made. They found only a faint line, of a whitish, ghostly color, on his head. They were satisfied that it had been a spirit bullet, as they had already suspected.

It occurred to them that, in thus shooting down the big Ute, the spectral horseman, who was probably some dead-and-gone Ute chief, was showing his displeasure at the thing which they had contemplated. For some singular and inexplicable reason the spirit had not favored the torture stake for the noted Long Hair. And the spirit had shown it in that extremely startling manner.

The girl had been dragged back to the lodge, from which she had escaped through the inattention of her guard.

CHAPTER XI.

OLD NICK NOMAD.

In a little hollow on the high cliff whence the shots had come, a little man crouched, peering out, yet keeping himself well concealed. His gnarled right hand grasped a long, ancient rifle. By his side lay a bow. Below him, behind the cliff wall and well beyond the rocky space, an ancient-looking horse stood with head down in an attitude of deep dejection.

The man and the horse were the old trapper, Nick Nomad, and Nebuchadnezzar. Close by the side of the trapper lay the skeleton of a horse and man, half fallen against the side of the cliff.

Old Nick affectionately patted the long rifle.

"Them shots war good uns!" he said, as if speaking to a human being. "Thar ain't ary newfangled gun kin sling lead wi' you, arter all; er, if thar is, I ain't never seen it yit."

He spread his homely mouth in a wide grin:

"But durn ef I knows what's become o' Buffler!" he went on anxiously, talking to the rifle and to himself. "He throwed a back summerset inter the water, and he ain't riz yit, so fur's I kin see. Hope one o' them red niggers didn't git ter slip a knife inter him before he made thet jump."

Then his eyes caught sight of the big Ute who was still dancing and gyrating crazily.

"I reckon yer bullet must er jes' creased him a little—jes' ernough ter set him crazy!" he said to the rifle. "Waal, mebbe thet's better than ef it'd bored him plum' center through. To'other Injuns seemed sorter worked up by it. Yes, I allow it jes, creased 'im a little, an' thet's why he acts so durn crazy."

For more than an hour he crouched in that place, with

his keen, old eyes fixed on the village. He saw the place quiet down somewhat; and saw the Utes hurrying about as if they thought of moving the village, or were getting ready for a foray.

The big Ute had vanished from sight.

"Ole Crazy Head's gone! We slung that lead jes' in time, anyhow," he remarked, speaking to the rifle. Buffler's knees must 'a' been scorchin' in the fire. Ef we hadn't stumbled on the skeleton o' thet hoss and rider layin' hyar, all bleached out and dryer'n kindlin' wood, an' with that ole bow an' arrer, I dunno ef even our shootin' down inter thar would 'a' done any good. Luck was with us! But whar's Buffler?"

Many times he asked himself where Buffalo Bill was, and received no answer. But at length, while he still watched the village and the stream, he saw a cluster of green leaves floating down on the surface of the water.

At these he stared keenly and long.

"Buffler, er I'm an idjit!" he said, his mouth opening again in a wide grin.

From the height where he was perched he could see the round black dot that he believed to be a human head. That the head was not an Indian's was only guesswork, so far as his actual knowledge was concerned. But reason told him that an Indian would have no cause to screen his head in that cluster of floating leaves and swim with his body wholly under the water.

When satisfied he could not be mistaken in thinking that the black dot was a human head, the old trapper slipped back from his hiding place, dragging his long rifle with him. A little later he had the shaggy headed horse by the bridle and was leading it down a narrow rift between two rocky walls, the rift being just wide enough for horse and man to pass through, and with enough debris at the bottom to make a walk.

In a remarkably short time horse and man were at the bottom of the rocky walls, and threading their way still lower to the margin of the stream, which made a turn here and swung in toward the left, the side that the trapper was on.

Rocks and bushes, and this bend of the stream, made it impossible for Nick Nomad and his horse to be seen now from the Ute village. For this reason Nick abandoned the caution that had been so marked, and hurried down to the stream, where he stood watching for the coming of the drifting leaves.

Soon they appeared in sight, bobbing along in the most innocent fashion. They came on until almost opposite the point where the old trapper stood, rifle in hand, and holding the bridle of his horse. Then a sudden and remarkable transformation took place. Out of the midst of the leaves a head popped, showing the well-known face of Buffalo Bill; and, with long, strong strokes, he began to swim toward the shore.

The sight was so cheerful that old Nick doubled over in his usual fashion, in silent laughter. But he was down close to the edge of the water, ready to stretch out a helping hand, when the scout gained the bank.

"Buffler!"

Nick caught the scout's extended hand, and drew him out of the water.

"Buffler!" he cried again, when the scout stood up, with water running in streams from his person and cloth-

ing. "I'm gladder ter see ye than ef I'd stepped on a rattler! Shake! Shake ag'in. I seen thet brush a-comin', and I seen ther top o' yer head, and I knowed you war under thar. Which ain't sayin', howsomdever, thet I warn't a good deal anxious about you a spell ago. Them pizen Utes war shore a-usin' ye mighty onhandsome."

"Nick!" cried the scout in return, squeezing the horny palm of his old mountain pard until it ached. "I was sure that your rifle did that work, and that you were down here somewhere."

His only weapon was the knife with which he had defended himself in his retreat to the river, and he had stuck that in his belt. In his left hand he held his big hat, while his right hand was being pumped energetically by the delighted trapper.

The latter drew him back from the shore.

"That water drenin' down frum yer clo'es, Buffler, is makin' a puddle thar which won't dry in an hour, an' ef any pesky Utes should come snoopin' round they might see it," he warned.

"Very true," Buffalo Bill assented; "we'll move back. You've a hiding place near?"

"Up on that clift. It war thar I sent them bullets frum, an' thet arrer."

"Yes, I want to hear about that."

"An' I'm jes' dyin' ter hear how ye got under them leaves so cunnin'. You made me think of a mus'rat, when I seen the top of ye head a-shinin' through 'em."

"It's a long story."

"And mine's a long story."

They were moving away from the river, looking for a place of concealment.

"I cut out wi' that feller, Seaver, you recommeber, on my way with him ter Crow Butte, goin' past Meekin. Waal, I didn't go no furdern Meekin; didn't have ter. Fer thar I found a man that had got out o' one of the houses endurin' of the massacre, and he war hidin' thar when I come along. Everybody else had been killed, I reckon. Ther little streets and ther houses war full o' dead people. Buffler, it war a sickenin' sight, and it made me hate Injuns wuss'n ever."

"It must have been horrible!"

"It war. Well, this feller wasn't hurted none, and I seen he war all right, and so I sent him on ter Crow Butte with Seaver, instid o' me goin'; fer I war thet anxious about ye thet I couldn't rest."

"They wern't out o' sight before I war on ther back track. I struck yer trail, and lost it ag'in, in that lava country, but I'd seen which way you, and the Injun you war follerin', war headin', so I hunted fer as short a cut as I could. Had to have some way ter git ole Nebby through, ye know, an' I war already informed of whar thet Ute village war sitivated. And, likewise, I knowed these hills purty well."

"We got over ther hills by some o' ther hardest work me and Nebby ever done, and struck thet river jes' a little 'fore daylight. We rid along it, passin' the village, though 'twar risky; but Nebby he kep' in ther aidge of ther water, so's his tracks couldn't be seen."

"The Ute guard saw you, and reported that a spirit horse and rider, shaped of mist, or looking like mist, had passed along by the river; and they searched there for the tracks of the horse."

Old Nick laughed silently.

"An Injun is a cur'us creeter, Buffler! Git 'im ter

think thet sperits is ramblin' round and he's ready ter run, er believe anything. I war takin' big resks, in comin' so nigh ther village."

He laughed again over the idea that he and Nebby had been mistaken for a spirit rider and horse.

"I didn't know you war in thar, o' course. Never drempt thet you war. Fer it ain't often, Buffler, thet you let's ther durn reds git holt o' ye. But I allowed you war snoopin' round somewhars, ef you hadn't already got away wi' the gal. So I war jes' prospectin'."

"But it warn't long 'fore I knowed, through ther hullybaloo ther red niggers begun ter kick up. They don't never go on so, onless they've got what they consider an important pris'ner; and so I war shore they had nabbed ye."

"Well, what ter do, me and Nebby didn't know. Fer ye see, 'twar then about daylight; and I couldn't go ter ambin' round ther village, er crawlin' inter it, in daylight. Wouldn't be no use fer me ter git ketched; fer then I couldn't help you, ye see. So me an' Nebby climbed up ter ther top o' thet clift over thar, fer the purpose of spyin' out the lay o' the land; and we war up thar when the sun riz; and we war thar still, when they brought ye out to tie ye to ther stake, and have fun wi' ye, preparin' ter roast ye like an ox at a barbecue."

"Thet sight riz my dander straight up. I wanted ter jump acrost thet ole river and kill about a million Injuns to wunst. I war plum' crazy!"

"But, before thet, I'd found ther carkiss of a hoss an' man up thar, and an ole bow an' arrers. Ther hoss had been a little Injun pony, and ther rider had been an Injun. They'd been killed up thar, I think, and had laid thar so long that ther bones war as white as ashes. An' they were considable light, too, which war a good thing fer me; fer I hefted 'em up inter position, hopin' ter skeer ther Injuns with 'em, fer I war calc'latin' they didn't know about 'em bein' thar."

"Well, I'd already done that, and ther skeleton hoss and skeleton rider war settin' up thar in plain sight when ther sun riz; and ther said rider had a stick in his hands, which I'd propped thar in immytation of a gun, and was p'intin' it at the village."

"Waal, as I war sayin', they brung ye out ter tie ye to ther torture stake, and ther sight of it made me madder'n any pizen rattler. My fust idee war ter retreat down to ther river, and cross it, and make a dash, with Nebby, ter save ye; and then I see I couldn't do thet."

"Finally, I concluded ter try ther trick of ther skeleton hoss and rider, and you seen how it worked. Findin' a snakeskin, I wrapped round an' arrer an' shot it down thar. Then I let this hyar old gun go at them red devils, aimin' fer ther big Ute that war usin' ther torch on ye. I reckon I creased him on the head, jedgin' by ther crazy way he acted afterward."

"Having done thet, and while the smoke of the old rifle war rollin' up like a cloud, I tipped thet skeleton hoss and rider backward inter ther ravine thar, and laid down on ther clift, with ther ole rifle, ready fer another shot."

"I war a long ways off, Buffler, but I war bound ter help ye; and I suttinly tried hard enough."

"And successfully!" Buffalo Bill cried, in warm admiration. "No repeating rifle could have done better."

"Ner as good!" said old Nick, grieved that, for a moment, the scout could think that any modern gun was the equal of that ancient muzzle-loader.

"That's right; none could have done so well! But I'm thinking that, after all, it was the man behind the gun. It usually is."

"Waal, then you turned thet flip-flop inter ther water; and when I didn't see ye come up no more, I begun fer ter fear thet mebbe some red nigger had jabbed his sticker under yer ribs and you war done fer; but bimeby I seen them leaves floatin'; and the top o' yer head shinin' up through 'em. Waal, then I wanted ter holler!"

He laughed again in his peculiar manner.

"How'd you do it, Buffler?"

"I swam under water downstream as long as I could hold my breath, and rose under the edge of a cottonwood, where the leaves came close down to the water. There I stayed a long time, with only my nose and eyes sticking out."

"By and by, by cautious work, I contrived to break off some of the leaves and smaller branches, and form them into that bunch you saw; and I floated down the river under them, keeping as low in the water as I could. Luck helped me, together with the fact that the Utes had given up the search, under the belief that I had been drowned."

"It war a great trick!" was the trapper's enthusiastic declaration. "But I'm allowin', Buffler, thet ef the female thar hadn't come to yer help jes' when she did, an' if Injuns warn't, by natur', so durn superstitious, you'd never got out o' thar alive. They war shore meanin' ter roast you! Who war thet female? Ther gal you folered? She looked white, frum whar I war."

"Yes, the girl captive; the one from Meekin. That was a brave deed, and I'm afraid it has gone hard with her since, because of it. She escaped somehow, and came down there wildly determined to help me, even at the risk of her life. It was as brave a thing as I ever saw."

"You're goin' ter try fer ther gal ag'in, Buffler?"

"Yes, to-night."

"I knowed yer would. Anybody as sassy brave as she war, deserves better than ter be left in thet village, ter become ther squaw o' some cussed Ute buck."

CHAPTER XII.

NICK NOMAD'S MASQUERADE.

That afternoon the Ute guards, watching by the river, were astonished to see a shaggy, tattered horseman approaching on a shaggy, tattered horse. The rider bent over as if in pain; but when he lifted his eyes, he stared round wildly, and they heard him muttering strange words. Apparently he did not see them, and would have ridden on by, or straight over them, if they had not halted him.

Now they observed that, in addition to his singular, staring manner, which indicated an affected mind, his right arm was held stiffly against his side, and it was wrapped in bloody buckskin.

The horse stared about as stupidly as the man, when stopped by the Utes, while the latter expressed their surprise in many exclamations; for one of their number claimed that this old man and this shaggy horse were identical in appearance with the ghost horseman and steed seen down by the river in the white mists just before daybreak. That horse and rider had vanished like the mist itself, and not even a track had been found.

The man who had ridden thus boldly along the stream to the village, was, of course, old Nick himself, and his horse was that knowing beast, Nebuchadnezzar. The blood on the buckskin was from a rabbit. His daring descent into the village had been decided on after a long discussion of the best methods by himself and his friend and pard, Buffalo Bill.

Nomad had no gun, and, apparently, no weapon of any kind; and he seemed but a wounded and wandering man, rendered imbecile, probably, by the wound which was indicated by the bandaged arm.

His eyes lacked luster and seemed little brighter than the eyes of an idiot; and, when thus stopped, and spoken to, he muttered in a strange, wild way.

Straightening himself in his saddle, he shook his head like an angry deer; then emitted a sharp, shrill deer whistle. Then he began to talk, crazily, in the Ute tongue. He was a wild deer, he claimed, shot in the fore leg by a hunter, and he held up his bandaged arm in proof. Then he whistled again, giving an exact imitation of the sound made by a startled deer.

The old horse stood with drooping head.

"I must go on," said old Nick, waving his unbandaged arm. "The mountains call me! Many days have I wandered. Before me I see a place where the tree buds are fresh and sweet, and the grass tender and green. Do not stop me here, in the desert, where the sand crawls round me like serpents, but let me go on to that good green land."

His eyes rolled, and his tone was pitiful.

There was no dialect of imperfect English, of course, when the Ute tongue was used; and he dropped, like an Indian, into the sonorous and poetical words, which an Indian so loves.

The Indians touched their own foreheads to indicate their belief that he was not right in his mind, and instead of permitting him to go on, they led his horse now in the direction of the lodge of old Colorow.

The entrance of Nick Nomad into the village was creating a great stir of excitement; and old Colorow had come out of his lodge before the white man and his Indian escort reached it.

When brought face to face with the chief, old Nick gazed at him dully and mournfully. Then he looked about, and his old eyes seemed to brighten.

"Ah, I have found it!" he cried. "Found the land where the tree buds are tender and the grass is cool and green," and he bent forward from the back of Nebby, and, with his unbandaged hand, tried to pick an imaginary tree bud from the feathered head of old Colorow.

The chief drew back, putting out a hand to keep off the touch of the trapper's fingers.

Nick pawed at the air, and then drawing in his hand, pretended to thrust the bud into his mouth, chewing contentedly.

"Who is this?" said Colorow suspiciously.

The guard who had beheld the spectral horseman by the river answered, saying that he resembled that strange figure.

"Then what you saw was not a spirit, but this man!" said Colorow. "I know him. He is an old white man who has spent many winters in the mountains. He is called the Weasel. The Great Spirit has touched his mind, and it has gone from him."

The Utes, though grouped round in a dense throng,

yet stood well back. One whom the Great Spirit had touched held for them something of awe.

"Has he no weapons?" said Colorow, still suspiciously.

When the Ute braves feared to search the white man, Colorow stepped out from the lodge and made the search himself. But the trapper was, to all appearances, without weapons of any kind.

Colorow touched the bandaged right arm; and the trapper fairly leaped in the saddle, as if with overpowering pain, and shrilled that strange, deerlike whistle, causing the Utes to start back with many cries.

"He has been shot, or has fallen over a cliff and broken his arm, and has tied it up with a stick, beneath the bandage, to keep the bones straight," said Colorow, thus endeavoring to display his superior wisdom. Then he spoke to Nomad, addressing him as the Weasel.

"The tree buds are good and green now," said Nomad.

He reached forth again, plucking at the tip of one of the chief's eagle feathers.

Colorow ducked and avoided the outstretched fingers, but Nick, seeming to think he had secured the bud, thrust the imaginary bud into his mouth and chew it, working his jaws as much as he could like those of a deer.

"The Weasel was shot in the foreleg," he said, looking down at his stiff arm, which hung uselessly at his side. "But the Weasel is a deer now! A hunter shot him in the leg. For days I wandered in the desert, over the hot sands, and now here are good tree buds, and good green grass."

He reached out a hand toward the nearest eagle feathers, causing the brave who wore them to jump back.

"Let him alone, but watch him," whispered Colorow, to one of the least superstitious of the Indians near him. "It is a time in which to watch all white men. But if the Great Spirit has really touched him, he is harmless."

It had seemed necessary, or desirable, to locate the lodge in which the girl prisoner was held; and Nick had volunteered for the task, which now would have been quite beyond the power of Buffalo Bill. The scout had been held a prisoner, and had escaped, and his reappearance in the village would have been but a signal for his recapture.

Old Nick might have a better chance to succeed, they believed. And the romance of it appealed to his whimsical heart. He was inwardly laughing all the while he sat there before Colorow.

Now he slipped to the ground, the Utes retreated before him, and gave him all the room he wanted. He came down heavily, for that stiff arm seemed to impede him. As it fell at his side he writhed as if with sudden pain, and again uttered that deer whistle, screwing his face into comical shape.

Then he dropped to the ground on hands and feet, as if he were truly a deer, seeming to forget his horse wholly. He dragged the stiff "fore leg" along painfully, and nibbled at the grass, reaching up with his lips now and then, as if searching for tree buds.

As he moved thus along, the Utes retreated before him; yet they came up behind, keeping him closely ringed in. When tired of this, old Nick sat down on the ground, taking a very undeerlike attitude, and, with his dull eyes, looked at the Utes who stared at him.

A long time passed before the curiosity of the Utes was far enough satisfied to cause them to leave off their unwearying watching of the "man deer." They did not

wholly leave it off at any time, for always there were a number to stare at the old man, and whisper concerning him, and nudge each other with excitement whenever he moved.

Still pretending to pull buds from imaginary trees, and to crop daintily at imaginary grass, old Nick began to move in seemingly aimless fashion about the Ute village. He was looking for the girl, or for indications of the lodge in which she was held. He seemed, however, not to be looking at anything in particular, beyond the ground and the sky.

He proceeded slowly, for he wanted to make the search thorough; yet this slow movement was, apparently, caused by that stiff "fore leg," which he put down haltingly, and which made him grimace when he struck it against something, as though it "pained" him.

Left to his own devices, Nebuchadnezzar attacked some bunch grass, which he found near the spot where he had been deserted by his master.

The Utes did not trouble him; for he, as the horse of the man touched by the Great Spirit, partook somewhat of the characteristics of that stricken man. So they let the beast alone, being rather afraid to do otherwise.

Not at all disturbed by the movements of the Indians, here and there about him, old Nebuchadnezzar set his teeth heartily to the bunch grass, and proceeded to make up for the trying fast he had endured while on the grassless rocks across the river.

Moving thus through the village, old Nick Nomad observed, by and by, that one of the lodges had a guard stationed in front of it. This indicated a prisoner held there, and, as he was sure Miss Meekin was the only captive, he knew she was there.

Having located the lodge in which he was sure the girl was held, Nick Nomad moved slowly on, finding himself at length well down toward the river, and not far from Nebuchadnezzar. Here he lay back on his left, or "well" arm, and went no farther for a time. He was tired. That ceaseless, slow hopping, like a deer, had been wearisome.

A group of children, and a few warriors, had followed him, and these now surrounded him, standing off respectfully. With that "guard of honor" around him all the time, it was not clear how old Nick hoped to aid Miss Meekin.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATTEMPT AT RESCUE.

The excitement of renewed hope which the discovery of the presence of this white man in the village brought to Miss Meekin may be imagined rather than described.

Old Nick had been there a good while before she knew it. He was a stranger to her, she saw; for she was bold enough to look out from beneath the lodge skin, even though the guard threatened her when she did so.

Like the Utes, she was impressed with the belief that Nick Nomad was insane. He had every mark of insanity, of a mild, harmless type.

The belief that this "insane" man was there to help her would have been preposterous, and she did not harbor it, yet it was something to have even a crazy white man there.

After he had passed on down toward the river and away from her prison, she did not again see him, though, later, she was sure he was still in the village, for a

cautious look revealed the crowd that still grouped about him.

Miss Meekin had every reason to be in the depths of despair. Her effort to help Buffalo Bill, when he was tied to the stake and threatened with that horrible death by fire, had failed. Yet she hardly counted it failure, even though she was told that the scout, in trying to escape, had been drowned in the river. Better a death by drowning than at the torture stake.

Her own condition had not been improved. In truth, it seemed hopeless. Only the fact that old Colorow had selected her for his squaw, saved her from insult at the hands of other Indians; and of Colorow she had a deathly fear. He seemed to have a good deal to do that afternoon. Details of Indians were coming and going, under his directions. They were scouting parties being sent out and returning, whose purpose was to learn if white men were near, or if the horse soldiers had begun their expected march from Crow Butte.

Colorow was getting the village in shape for a sharp fight, and was preparing to send all the women and children into the hills at a moment's notice.

In spite of these activities, which engrossed his time, the old chief came now and then to the lodge which the girl occupied, and there tried to win her favor, in his Indian way, with ogling glances, and by telling her of his wealth in ponies and wives, and of his greatness as a warrior and hunter. She affected not to understand many of the things he said, which was well. And she asked him some sharp-pointed questions concerning the expected movements of the troopers, which did not please him, and which he did not answer. But her questions concerning Buffalo Bill he replied to in a way to make her sure of his belief that the scout had been drowned in the river in trying to escape.

That escape of Buffalo Bill from the torture stake had left a sore memory with the old chief. He and his braves had lost the joy of seeing a white man writhe in the fire; and, besides, many of the warriors were secretly charging that if he had not delayed the matter, there would have been no escape.

The girl was glad when night came again. She had resolved to get away that night, or die in the attempt. She would risk her life in the wilds of the mountains, if she got out of the village.

There was more wild howling and dancing in the council lodge that night, of which she was glad; for the noise gave her hope that she could work out the plan she had tried to mature. She did not know that the infernal din was being taken advantage of by other people, who were risking their lives to help her.

The "man deer" had been almost forgotten, but not entirely. He would have held a ring of the curious round him for many more hours, probably, if he had not at last pretended to fall asleep. This he did not do until he had worked back, by slow degrees, toward the lodge where the girl was held.

When the crazy "man deer" slept, and the braves began to howl and dance in the council lodge, where the medicine men were working their charms, and the drummers were booming the drums, the fringe of spectators around the sleeping "man deer" melted away, leaving the old man at last alone.

He lay where the light of a lodge fire fell full on him;

but, pretending to dream and thresh about, he rolled, finally, out of the firelight.

He was nearer the prison lodge than ever, and was now shielded by darkness.

After lying for a moment in a listening attitude, the old trapper quickly stripped the bandage from his good right arm, revealing, as he did so, his hunting knife, which he had concealed there, and for which, alone, he had worn the bandage. It was the only weapon he had. His rifle he had left with Buffalo Bill.

With the knife in his hand he began to creep toward the lodge which held Miss Meekin. The girl was at the moment wondering if she dared to try to escape from the lodge. In the firelight, at the front, she could see the outline of the guard who had been set to watch her, and while she hesitated, she heard a low scratching at the back of the lodge, close by her. And then she beheld an amazing thing. The point of a sharp knife slipped through the lodge skin; and, moving with a swift, downward motion, it ripped the skin apart. The next moment she dimly beheld a head in the opening thus made. She could not make out the features, and the whole thing was so startling that she was filled with fear and was ready to scream. Then a voice spoke, and a hand waved to her in a friendly manner. The words were in the merest whisper:

"I'm ole Crazy Head; but yer friend, jes' ther same. Savvy? Don't make any hellybaloo, an' mebbe I kin git ye out of here."

The guard at the entrance apparently heard something, for he turned about; but as he thrust his head in at the flap, Miss Meekin was seized with a fit of violent coughing, which satisfied him as to the character of the noise he had heard.

Old Nick smiled at the girl's cleverness and held open the slit place which his knife had made in the lodge skin, and beckoned to her.

She saw now that this man who wished to help her was the "man deer," whom the Indians had been watching throughout the afternoon.

It was equally clear that he was not crazy at all, and that he had been playing a part to deceive them. The thing was bewildering, but it suggested a lively hope.

The girl crawled softly toward the opening, having, for the moment, dissipated the guard's suspicion by her coughing.

Old Nick caught her by the shoulders, and gently assisted her through.

"We may have ter run fer it," he whispered, with his mouth close to her ear. "I war afeared mebbe I couldn't make ye understand, and that the Injuns would find out what I war tryin'. But we're all right now. Jes, foller me. Buffler is out hyar."

The girl trembled so violently as she crept after him that she shook all over, even her teeth chattering.

Suddenly a deerlike whistle rose from the lips of the old man. It was so close to her that it made her leap with surprise.

He put out his hand, touching her on the arm.

"Stiddy!" he warned.

She expected to hear Indians rushing in her direction.

Instead, she heard a wolf howl somewhere out in front, in the direction of the river.

"Buffler!" whispered Nick.

And then, right in the midst of this, she heard a wild commotion, with squealing and kicking, as of horses.

"Nebby!" said the old trapper, whispering the name with much pride. "Thet wolf howl o' Buffler's set him ter goin'."

He caught her by the wrist.

"We've got ter be movin'."

The deer whistle and the wolf howl, followed by that commotion among the Indian ponies, had brought the dancing in the council lodge to a halt.

Then the girl heard a clattering of many hoofs, as if a whole drove of wild horses were racing away.

Across the village they came, kicking, squealing, and fighting; one that was doing the most fighting and squealing being a shaggy-headed brute that had on its back a big saddle.

"Nebby!" said the trapper, in a pleased whisper, "That creetur has got more human sense than half ther humans!"

He whistled again. Then the horse raced straight toward him.

Nick lifted the excited girl from the ground, at the same time jumping up in the darkness.

Off toward the river a rifle flamed and roared.

"Buffler drawin' their attention," said Nick.

Nebuchadnezzar came to a sudden halt by the trapper's side, and he fairly threw the girl into the saddle.

"The Utes is pilin' this way," he said. "Git out o' this. Jes' let Nebby kerry you. He'll take ye ter safety, ef any hoss on this yearth kin."

"But you?" she asked, in wild excitement.

"I'll foller ye! Git! The Utes is comin' b'ilin'!"

The whole village had aroused; and from the prison lodge came cries which showed that the guard had discovered the escape of the prisoner.

Old Nick spoke in a low tone to the horse, and slapped the animal heavily on the flank, and Nebuchadnezzar sprang away so suddenly that the girl was almost thrown from the saddle.

She clutched the saddle horn and clung with all her might, and let the animal carry her on into the darkness. She did not know where she was going.

Behind her a whirlwind of sound had risen and was rising. There were wild Indian yells, and cries of rage, and alarm, with a sudden popping of guns, and the whistling of arrows. She heard bullets and arrows sing over her head.

Camp fires that had been smoldering, flamed into light, to show the warriors what they were doing.

And straight ahead tore old Nebuchadnezzar, bearing the girl out of the village and away into the gloom of the night.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ESCAPE.

The desperate plan, put into operation by Buffalo Bill and old Nick Nomad, had worked out well.

That rifle shot told Nick where the scout was, and the little old trapper writhed on in the darkness, toward the river, after he had sent Nebuchadnezzar flying with the girl.

In spite of the peril of it, he whistled in deer fashion again, and was answered by the scout, who was not far

off and coming toward him. Soon they met, to clasp hands, on the margin of the river.

"Break trail!" ordered the scout.

He stepped into the water, followed by Nick Nomad.

Water leaves no trail.

Then they turned downstream, walking slowly in the water.

Off at the right the din of the aroused village sounded. And renewed camp fires began to flash.

"The girl?" said the scout.

"She war hangin' ter Nebby, and thet ole hoss war jes' flyin', last time I seen 'em."

He bent forward in silent laughter.

"Buffer, I've had more upright, downright, every sort o' fun ter-day that I ever had in any ekal portion of my existence. If you never tried playin' ole Crazy Head ter a lot o' fool and superstitious Injuns, some day you try it; it'll pay ye."

They walked more rapidly as they began to leave the village behind.

Twice they came to a halt and stood out in the water, with the thick darkness round them and the black wall of the opposite cliff shore behind them, as a number of Ute braves came down to the stream.

"Buffer, now we has ter slide!" whispered Nick, when at last a torch flashed in the darkness on the shore, and it was seen that the warriors were looking for human footprints there.

The braves found the place where the scout and the trapper had entered the stream. Wild and jubilant howls announced the discovery, and brought other braves running to the shore.

"More muskrat bizness now," said Nomad, in a tone of disgust. "I kin do it, but I never war cut out fer a muskrat."

Nevertheless, he sank to his neck in the water and the scout did the same.

Then, with only their heads showing, they began to float downstream in the darkness.

Old Nick knew it would be a difficult thing for the Utes to pick up the trail of Nebuchadnezzar, out of all the pony tracks which had been made through the village in that stampede of the ponies which Nebby's kicking and fighting had started.

Therefore, if he and the scout could break their own trail by using the water, the difficulty of the Utes in following them would be much increased.

While Buffalo Bill and old Nick Nomad were thus escaping, the girl was being borne straight on by Nebuchadnezzar.

Finally, to her surprise, the shaggy-headed horse stopped.

The girl was trembling with excitement. It had been a wild ride, made in the wildest manner.

Clinging to the saddle horn, she peered ahead into the darkness, wondering why the horse had stopped. Seeing nothing, and hearing nothing, she urged the beast on again, kicking its side with her heel.

Nebuchadnezzar humped his back a little, but did not move out of his tracks.

She kicked him again; and then, bending forward, stroked his shaggy neck in a coaxing way.

Nebuchadnezzar was insensible even to this blandishment, and while she was wondering about this, the shaggy head was turned, in a listening attitude, with the ears thrust forward.

She heard nothing herself, but Nebuchadnezzar began to move in the direction toward which he had thrust his ears. Then she heard what he had heard before, and the thing that had made him stop—a whistle, of peculiar quality, low and deceptive.

Nebuchadnezzar walked straight on now, as if he knew what was expected of him.

The whistle sounded again and again, seeming to come from various points of the compass, confusing her; but it did not confuse old Nebuchadnezzar.

Soon a voice reached her, through the darkness.

"That you, Miss Meekin? Friends here!"

It was the voice of Buffalo Bill!

The girl wanted to shout with joy.

"I think you are safe now," said the scout, to encourage her. "There will be a pursuit, or an attempt at it; but we think we have broken the trail."

She wanted to ask a multitude of questions, yet restrained the desire.

They pushed on now, Buffalo Bill and old Nick walking swiftly in the lead, with the girl following on the horse.

After a time all entered the water, fording the stream.

On the other side they found Buffalo Bill's horse, which old Nick had brought back with him on his return from Meekin.

Day was breaking across the hills.

But the scout had scarcely mounted, when a wild, quavering yell behind them announced that the trail had been found at the ford, and that the Utes were in close pursuit.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

Captain Crosby had ridden to the top of a low hill, to get a view of the surrounding country. At the foot of the hill half a hundred troopers sat waiting on their horses.

The captain was alone, with the exception of a scout, a youthful fellow in buckskin, who had warned him that they were now well within the Ute country, and that an ambush might be looked for at any time.

The troopers belonged to the "Gallant Seventh," that crack regiment of United States regulars that has had so many battles with the wily redman of the Western border.

They had heard of the massacre at Meekin, and of the murders which the Utes had committed. They had wrongs of their own to avenge, too, and they were burning for a meeting with the warriors of old Colorow.

To the ears of Captain Crosby and the scout came now the report of a distant rifle. They started, involuntarily.

"Where did that come from, Mendon?" said the captain.

The scout's head was bent forward.

Following that report there sounded a fusillade.

"Off in that direction, captain," said Mendon, pointing toward the west.

"And I see somethin' movin' down there!" he added.

The troopers had also heard those distant reports, and they looked toward the summit where their captain and the scout had gone.

Crosby leveled his glass on the object pointed out by Mendon.

"A man on horseback," he said excitedly, "and he's riding like the wind!"

"The cussed Utes are after him, I reckon!"

"We must go to his assistance at once!"

Another rattling fire of rifles came, sounding like the popping of firecrackers.

Captain Crosby turned about and raced his horse down the incline, Mendon leaping along and keeping pace with the horse.

In another minute Captain Crosby and the scout, at the head of the troopers, were galloping round the hill, and heading in the direction of the fleeing horseman.

That horseman was old Nick Nomad, and the horse was Nebuchadnezzar.

If ever any one had been inclined to think that Nebuchadnezzar was a stupid and slow beast, a sight of him at that time, as he bore his master on with flying leaps, would have removed that false opinion. No Kentucky thoroughbred could have shown greater speed, on that wild and rocky trail.

Buffalo Bill and the little old trapper, fleeing with the girl for safety, had been so hard pressed by the Utes, who had picked up the trail at the ford, that they were compelled at length to stand and give battle.

Then it was discovered that Utes on their side of the river, who had doubtless been in signal communication with the band that found the trail at the ford, were in ahead of them, ambushed in the path they would be forced to take.

They tried now to run the gantlet of these Utes in the pass.

The scout was handicapped by the fact that he had not his reliable revolvers and repeating rifle, which he had lost when captured, and had not been able to regain.

His only weapon was a half-worthless old rifle he had stolen from a Ute lodge.

The trapper's weapons were his long-barreled, slow-loading gun, and a revolver and knife.

Buffalo Bill also had a knife.

As the Utes outnumbered them more than twenty to one, and had the advantage of location, the odds were overwhelmingly against our friends.

In this dash through the pass, Buffalo Bill's horse was shot from under him.

After that, having passed through the worst of the hornets' nest, the scout and the trapper retreated, fighting, on foot, with the girl ahead, on Nebuchadnezzar.

But as more Utes were seen swarming down into the pass, and it was seen that soon Nebby would be shot down, and that the fight would, in the end, surely go against them without help, it was decided that old Nick should try to break through, and ride for help, while the scout, seeking shelter in the rocks, held the Utes at bay.

For this purpose Buffalo Bill took both the rifles, the revolver, and all the ammunition; and Nick Nomad, bouncing to the back of the shaggy horse, raised his wild war cry, and rode at the fringe of braves who barred his way.

He broke through in safety, and then raced in mad speed along the trail, riding as he had seldom ridden in all his wilderness experience.

Both he and Buffalo Bill believed that the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry were not far away.

They had been instructed, in the word sent to them

by old Nick, to come by this trail; and a computation of the time which would be required, showed the scout and the trapper that they ought to be near.

It seemed a desperate thing, to leave Buffalo Bill and the girl, ringed in by those howling red devils, and ride thus away from them, but Nick knew it was the only thing that offered hope.

"Ole Buffler kin hold ther devils off as long as any livin' man kin," the trapper whispered to Nebby, as he urged the horse on. "It's our duty now ter git help ter 'em, 'fore Buffler's wiped out."

It did not take Nomad long to acquaint Captain Crosby and his troopers with the situation.

Then, with revolvers drawn, the troopers broke into a swift gallop over the trail the trapper had come, led now by the trapper himself.

The rattle of the Indian rifle fire rose louder and louder as they pressed ahead.

Now and then, in the midst of it, were heard wild yells from savage lips, and then the heavy crack of one of the rifles which Buffalo Bill was using.

"Buffler's still able ter stand up ter 'em!" said the trapper. "But we ain't knowin' how long he's goin' ter be."

The seasoned horses ridden by the troopers had as much as they cared to do to keep at the heels of that deceitful beast, Nebuchadnezzar.

When the troopers came in sight of the fight that was raging round the rocks where Buffalo Bill had taken shelter, they beheld out in front, more than a hundred howling and painted Indians.

The latter were taking advantage of the bushes and rocks, and from behind them were pouring a hot fire into the rocky stronghold held by the scout and the girl.

The girl was proving herself a heroine. She loaded the rifles and the revolvers as fast as they were discharged, and passed back to her by the scout.

Both she and the scout were keeping well out of sight, for the bullets were striking all around them.

Buffalo Bill was throwing away no ammunition.

Whenever one of the heavy rifles cracked, or the revolver spoke, an Indian met his death. It was the deadliness of his aim which was holding back the Utes.

However brave one may be, or however desirous of slaying his foe, few men, and fewer still if the men are Indians, are willing to leap out into the open, for a charging rush, when to do so is certain to bring death to the first one up.

With Indian determination, the Utes were hemming the scout in, and waiting until the time should come when his ammunition would be exhausted.

Into this body of yelling warriors drove the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, led by old Nick Nomad.

There was a crackling fire of revolvers, and a swinging of swords that flashed brightly in the sun, and then redly as they began to drip with Ute blood.

The Indians broke in pell-mell confusion, with the troopers riding them down and shooting all who stood up before them.

This was followed by a wild flight, toward the river, of Utes who took advantage of the cover of the broken hills.

That breaking of the Ute force was signaled by old Nick in a wild yell, that rose like a wolf howl from his hairy lips. After that he did not join in the bloody pur-

suit, but rode for the rocks where Buffalo Bill had made his desperate stand. He feared that, in spite of that gallant fight, the scout might be badly wounded.

When the great scout stood before him, unharmed, a smile of pleasure and gratification on his flushed face, the old trapper yelled again in his wolfish fashion.

Off his horse he slid.

"Buffler!" he screeched, rushing forward and stretching out both hands, one for the scout and the other for the brave girl who had aided him so heroically. "There same old Buffler—unwhipped and unconquered ferever!"

Then he yelled again in his triumphant joy, with a screeching lustiness that defies description.

The Utes were overwhelmed, their village destroyed, and many of them slain.

They had taken up the bloody hatchet, in the old bloody Indian way, thus sowing the wind; and they reaped the whirlwind.

But within less than a month they were glad to sue for peace.

Then old Colorow and Buffalo Bill had another conference. And that conference ended the Ute war.

THE END.

"Buffalo Bill's Treasure Train; or, The Doom of the False Guide," is the title of the story that you will find in the next issue of this weekly, No. 61, out November 8th. This is an exceptionally good story, brimful of wit, humor, and adventure. Do not miss it.

PACIFIC ISLAND IS SEA-BIRD PARADISE.

Laysan Island, a dot on the chart, situated in the Pacific Ocean, 800 miles west of Honolulu, is scarcely three miles long, with a lagoon in the center, and were it not for its birds it would be the loneliest spot on the globe.

Myriads of sea fowl fill the air and cover the ground. As far as the eye can see, the island is dotted with lordly albatrosses, the snowy whiteness of their heads and lower parts glistening in the semitropical sun. Thousands of sea swallows or terns dart back and forth through the air, and keep up a pandemonium enough to drive men to madness.

Visiting Laysan, one has difficulty, if he wishes to cross the island, to avoid crushing the eggs of terns, and as one proceeds he is continually breaking through the roofs of petrel burrows, which everywhere honeycomb the soil.

The bird population is so extensive that all do not nest on the surface, but instead live tenement fashion. Some, like the petrels and shearwaters, must tunnel beneath the sand and rear their young in darkness. Others occupy the ground floor, and foremost among these are the albatrosses, terns, and tropic birds.

Two striking facts at one impress the visitor: the countless numbers of birds and their surprising tameness. They pay little or no attention as one moves among them.

There are literally a million albatrosses nesting on this tiny atoll, and they dominate all the other birds as rulers of the domain.

The old birds spend much time in a curious dance, or, perhaps more appropriately, a "cake walk."

First, two birds approach each other, bowing profoundly and stepping heavily. They swagger about each other,

nodding and curtsying solemnly, then suddenly begin to fence a little, crossing bills and whetting them together, sometimes with a whistling sound.

All at once a bird lifts its closed wing and nibbles at the feathers beneath, or rarely, if in a hurry, quickly turns its head. The partner during this short performance, assumes a statuesque pose, and either looks mechanically from side to side, or snaps its bill loudly a few times. Then the first bird bows once, and, pointing its head and beak straight upward, rises on its toes, puffs out its breast, and utters a prolonged nasal "Ah-h-h."

Early in the morning they hie themselves off to sea and scour the waves for the elusive squid, which is a staple article of diet for the larger members of the vast bird population. Then, about sunrise, the white company begins to return and the mothers give the babies their breakfasts, regurgitating squid and oil.

At this single meal each young albatross consumes from a pound to a pound and a half of squids, and, as there are fully a million birds, old and young, the daily aggregate would surpass 600 tons.

The albatrosses live on Laysan fully nine months of the year. During the last days of October, before the winter storms set in, the mighty army appears.

The Cruise of the "Essex."

By FRANK SHERIDAN.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

At the opening of the War of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain, the former country was seemingly ill prepared to cope with her enemy, who was then, as now, ranked the mistress of the sea.

The dismantled *Essex*, of the United States navy, was taken in charge by Captain Porter, who did wonders in whipping the old vessel into shape and drilling a crew.

As soon as this had been accomplished, the *Essex* put to sea, and she numbered among her crew two midshipmen, David Farragut and Harry Menzies. She soon captured several merchant vessels as prizes, and then made a name for herself by capturing the British warship *Alert*.

The *Essex* attacks and sinks an English merchant vessel, the *Mary Ann*. David Farragut bravely saves a beautiful creole, Miss Levand, who was aboard the *Mary Ann*, and about whom there is considerable mystery.

Later, Miss Levand explains her presence on board the *Mary Ann* by telling Captain Porter and young Farragut that she has been abducted and was being held a captive. She warns Captain Porter that among the prisoners of war who were taken from the *Mary Ann* there is a plot to scuttle the *Essex*, and to escape in small boats. With this warning, Captain Porter detects the prisoners in their attempt, and saves his ship.

Captain Porter, while stopping at a port off the coast of Brazil, gets a note from his commodore, telling him to meet him at Cape Frio.

While cruising off the coast of Chile, Captain Porter learns that several Peruvian privateers are preying on American ships. Determining to put a stop to this, he informs the captain of the Peruvian privateer *Nerevda* that she will have to fight or surrender.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PIRATE CRAFT AND A PHANTOM SHIP.

The Peruvian reached his ship and at once informed his captain that the game was up.

"I feel the rope round my neck, oh, blessed Mary!"

"We will fight!"

"What can we do in a fight? We have only fifteen guns and the American has four to our one."

In his eyes everything had taken on an exaggerated appearance.

"Then you advise surrender?"

The lieutenant was filled with fear. He knew that as a pirate he was in danger of being hanged. He fully realized that he deserved such a fate, but he would rather kill himself than be killed by the hangman.

"It is no good surrendering; we shall all have to die."

"Then better to die fighting."

"Whichever way we act the result will be the same. I propose that we scuttle the ship and then kill ourselves."

"That would be cowardly. I shall see what the American means."

As if anticipating the question, Captain Porter sent a shot tearing across the Peruvian's deck.

That one shot was sufficient.

Down went the flag, and in its place the white flag of surrender was run up.

Lieutenant Reid and Midshipman Farragut were sent on board the prize and found that there were twenty-three American sailors on the privateer.

These men presented a most pitiable appearance. They were half naked, their clothes having been taken by the Peruvians; everything else they possessed they had been deprived of, and they had been thrown into the hold like so many bags of cotton.

Lieutenant Reid ordered the captain of the Peruvian to restore all the stolen property and to give the men such of the ship's store of clothing as they might need.

When the American prisoners had been reclothed and once more in possession of their money and such other valuables as had been taken from them, they were sent to the *Essex*, and as soon as their feet touched the deck they raised such a shout of joy that made the rigging vibrate and the flag float proudly above them.

"Unleash the guns!" ordered Lieutenant Reid.

The Peruvians brought out the guns from the ports and then had to throw them overboard.

The guns were of the very latest model and it seemed a sin and shame to throw them into the sea, especially as the *Essex* could do with more guns. But Peru was nominally at peace with the United States and Captain Porter did not wish to do anything which could be construed as an act of war.

The crew of the privateer stood by and watched some of their number obey the order of the American captain. As each gun fell into the water, dashing the spray over the deck, there was an audible groan heard from the officers of the pirate.

Then orders were given for the ammunition to follow the guns.

Midshipman Farragut pleaded for the ammunition to be saved.

"No, sir. The captain gave orders for everything to be destroyed."

"But we are short of ammunition."

"That is quite true, but we are not robbers."

"Then why not buy from the Peruvian government?"

"You will understand later what nice distinctions are drawn in diplomacy. If we took this ammunition it would be held as an act of war, no matter whether we paid its full value or not."

"But are we not going to keep the ship?"

"Wait and see. You will learn a lesson from the captain's orders."

When all the ammunition had been destroyed, Lieutenant Reid called the officers and crew of the *Nereyda* to the quarter-deck.

"Peruvians, you have been convicted, on your own confession, of piracy on the high seas. You know the penalty. Were I to take you into port and demand that you should be tried for the act of piracy to which you have confessed, you know that not even your government dare save you unless it was prepared to go to war with the United States."

There was a groan distinctly heard by the Americans on board the *Essex*.

"The orders of the commander of the *Essex* are that, now that you are powerless to commit further depredations until you are rearmed, you shall proceed at once to the nearest port and report fully all that you have done, and the punishment you have received."

"You mean that we are free?" asked the pirate captain, in surprise.

"I mean that the United States is not at war with Peru, and that you are free to carry on a legitimate business, but if ever the *Nereyda* is again captured by an American ship not a man will escape the hangman's noose."

"And we can take the *Nereyda* to Callao?"

"Take it where you like; you are free."

The captain of the *Nereyda* saluted Lieutenant Reid, and then, turning to his men, thus addressed them:

"Officers and crew of the Peruvian ship *Nereyda*, we have been engaged in dastardly work. We found our northern neighbor in trouble and apparently weak, and then we took advantage and robbed and plundered the defenseless ships which sailed under the Stars and Stripes. It was a wrong thing to do, and I can speak for myself and say that from this time forward I will never lift my hand against the United States unless there is a war between my country and them. We have seen that the officers of the *Essex* are gentlemen and Christians, while we have said our prayers and crossed ourselves with the sign of the cross and all the time been engaged in un-Christian work. I am ashamed of myself."

Lieutenant Reid saluted the repentant pirate and in true Yankee fashion put out his hand in token of friendship.

In a few minutes the Americans had returned to the *Essex*, and from her deck watched the *Nereyda* set sail and steer for the port of Callao.

The men on the *Essex* were eager for prize money. Every vessel captured meant a goodly increase of the amount of money each would receive.

Midshipman Farragut expected that there would be much grumbling among the crew when it was seen that so valuable a prize had been liberated. He was almost inclined to imagine mutiny, but when the men returned to their quarters and told of the action of Lieutenant Reid, acting in the name of the United States, instead of grumbling a hearty cheer went up from every man and boy on board. They knew that the action was a right one and applauded.

"Don't I remember how the *Hope* treated the Spanish pirate in the Mediterranean?" said Gunner Talbot.

"Tell us about it."

"It's an old yarn, and all of you have heard it."

"It will bear hearing again."

"Well, it was this way: We were out on the coast of Africa. There was some real fighting then—no namby-pamby playing at it. The barbarians could fight, and no mistake."

"Were you with Decatur?"

"I just guess I knew him well, and I knew young Somers, also. Why, shiver my timbers, if I wasn't one of them fellows what volunteered to go out on the *Infernal* that time when Somers was blown to kingdom come."

"Tell us about the *Hope*."

"Ah, so it is about that you want to hear. Well, the *Hope* was really the *Esperanza*, and was loaned by the kingdom of Naples, which was also at war with Tripoli. We men before the mast couldn't mouth that foreign word, so we asked to have the vessel called something else, and our captain said as how the word meant 'hope,' so *Hope* we called her ever after."

"But tell us about the pirates."

"Zip! Boom! You want the kernel without cracking the shell. We had been cruising about for some days, and never a sight of the enemy did we have—until we began to think our guns would get rusty. Well, as though it was never intended that they should, our lookout cried, 'Ship, ho!' Up I was sent into the shrouds and answered to the captain's challenge, 'Aye, aye, sir!' Then we were hailed by the stranger, and I shouted as bold as brass, 'American brig *Hope*. Who are you?' The answer came back, 'Spanish frigate *Isabella*, and we call on you to surrender.' 'Surrender?' says I; 'but you make a mistake; we are not at war with Spain.' 'That's so,' says he, 'but we shall capture you, and swear that you were a pirate.' 'Pirate yourself,' says I. To which he responded, 'If you like.'

"How was it that you were allowed to talk to a stranger, eh?" asked a powder monkey, who loved to show off his knowledge of a ship's etiquette.

"Because, young Know-all, I could speak the lingo of several people, that's why. Well, I said to the pirate, 'If you are a pirate, run up the death's-head and crossbones, and we will sink you.' A derisive laugh came across the water, followed by a hoarse voice calling, 'The American captain boasts much. We will sink him and take his guns.' Then I came down and told the captain all that had passed, and he said, 'Talbot, do you think the pirate will fight?' I answered that it looked very like it, so up went the captain, and shouted to the pirate. 'Surrender!' The Spaniard laughed, and shouted back, 'Surrender!' Then our captain was riled, and he leaped upon the thwarts and almost shrieked, 'Surrender, you cannibal pirate, or I'll blow you into the clouds! We will not surrender, and I call on you to pull down your flag, or down you go!'"

"That was the right kind of a captain to have," said one of the middies who had been listening to the story.

"You bet! But before the captain could give an order a broadside was fired by the pirate. It did not take long for our captain to yell out, 'Ready, broadside! Fire!' Crash went the solid shot into the timber of the pirate, and then, ere there was time for another broadside, the two ships came together. We threw grappling irons, as did the pirates, but we were the best boarders, and soon we were on the deck, sweeping all before us. 'Surrender!' cried our captain, and down went the pirate flag, and the

pirate was our prize. Now, it was almighty hard for us to go back on the *Hope* and learn that we were to have no kind of satisfaction. The captain told us that we were not at war with Spain, and so could not keep the pirate craft, but if we liked, he could take it into a port and have all the crew hanged. That wouldn't be of any good to us, and we might miss some good prizes, so we helped throw the guns overboard and let the pirate craft go where it liked."

"Did you ever see it again?"

"Why, bless me, yes. It was one dark night that the lookout shouted, 'Sail, ho!' We peered through the darkness and saw something right in front of us. The thing would not move out of its course, and when it would not answer we told it to take the port tack, but not a bit would it obey, so we had to run into it or sheer off ourselves."

"Which did you do, Talbot?"

"Why, we sheered to the starboard, and passed the blamed thing. 'Hang me,' said a middy—a sharp un he was, too; he's captain now—but I b'lieve the thing's abandoned.' We laid by until morning, and then we saw that he was right. Not a living critter was on the pirate ship except a dog, and he was dead."

"Then you got your prize, after all?"

"Wrong again. We took her in tow, and we all began to wonder what our share of prize money would be. That night was the darkest I ever knew. Talk about the Egyptian darkness which could be felt, that was nothing to it. I really think you could have cut chunks out of the darkness that night, and thrown them into the sea. About the middle of the night watch, or four bells, the *Hope* shivered with the cold—"

"What are you telling us?"

"Truth. Did you never feel a ship shiver when an icy blast struck it? I have many a time. When the darkness had got tired of staying about us, and the sun began to shine, we looked for our prize, and it was nowhere to be seen. The hawser was cut clean through and the pirate had gone away."

"How did you account for that?"

"Hush, let me whisper! I think"—Talbot lowered his voice to a whisper and spoke so solemnly that all who heard him seemed to go cold all over—"I think that a phantom crew took possession of her and stole her away."

"Who believes in a phantom ship?" asked one of the midshipmen, who was very matter of fact.

"Every one who has been at sea long enough," answered Farragut.

"Just before I came aboard for this cruise," said Midshipman Menzies, "I read a poem by a Scotchman, in which are these lines:

"The phantom ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm,
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lowered is my topsail yard,
And canvas wove in earthly looms
No more to brave the storm presumes;
Then, 'mid the roar of sea and sky,
Top and topgallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The demon frigate braves the gale,
And well the doom'd spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe."

The watch had ended and every man was again at his post of duty, some to sleep, others to watch, all had the routine work to attend to in the order of the ship.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIDSHIPMAN FARRAGUT AND THE PERUVIAN.

The pirate *Nereyda* arrived at Callao a day before the *Essex*, for Captain Porter took a wide field, in the hope of seeing some British vessel, but disappointment was met with, and so the port was made.

It might have seemed a piece of bravado for the *Essex* to put into a Peruvian port just after destroying Peruvian guns, but the intrepid captain never once allowed that to enter his mind.

Certainly there was a doubt as to how he would be received, more especially as he saw the *Nereyda* at anchor, and many boats passing between it and the shore.

The Peruvian government had either armed the privateer or else had winked at it, and so was equally guilty, but openly, of course, the government would have to deny all knowledge of the piratical cruise of the *Nereyda*.

When the *Essex* ran up its standard, the guns of the port fired a salute in its honor, and Captain Porter ran up the Peruvian flag and saluted it.

This was a mere act of courtesy, and might mean nothing.

Lieutenant Calhoun and Midshipman Farragut were sent on shore to officially announce the arrival of a United States warship. To the surprise of the officers, they were welcomed with the most lavish enthusiasm.

"Sirs, you are doubly welcome," exclaimed the military commandant of the port; "welcome because of your nation, and also welcome on account of your noble conduct on the high seas."

Calhoun was inclined to think the words mere buncombe, but when the commandant continued to express his praises, the American was at a loss to understand the motive.

"We have only done what we thought right," responded Calhoun.

"You are modest, young sir. Is it not more than duty which made you go out of your course to save a Peruvian ship? Was it only duty which caused you to stand by our frail bark and render assistance when pirates dared to dispute the freedom of the seas?"

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Modesty, modesty! Well, well, it is a good trait if not carried too far."

The American officers soon found that they were being lionized, and invitations were given them on every hand to partake of the hospitality of the city.

It was only when they were about returning to their ship that they learned the cause of the enthusiasm with which they had been greeted.

A citizen of New Orleans, settled in Callao, saluted the officers, and recognized Calhoun, whom he had previously known.

Jean Laroque was invited to go on board the *Essex*, and on the way he told the story which had gained such favor for the Americans.

When the *Nereyda* entered the port, the captain told a most plausible yarn.

He circulated the report that he had been beset by a strongly armed piratical craft, and had engaged in a

fight, which was far beyond his capability, for he declared the pirate to have thirty guns and all of large caliber. The fight would have ended in the capture of the *Nereyda* had it not been for the arrival on the scene of the *Essex*. The pirate, not feeling able to cope with two armed vessels, set full sail and hurried away, but not until a shot had pierced the hull of the *Nereyda* below the water line. The *Nereyda* was sinking, when the *Essex* went to her assistance and helped to throw the guns overboard and so lighten the ship. Then the carpenter was able to stop the leak and make the vessel seaworthy.

This story was told with such embellishments that the officers of the *Essex* were hailed as great heroes, and the people were prepared to give them such a welcome as befitted their character.

Captain Porter laughed at the story, and more at the wit of the captain of the pirate, who had, by his plausibility, prevented the Americans making any charge of piracy against him, had they so desired.

Captain Porter expected to find some British ships in the harbor, but was disappointed, so he announced to his officers that the stay would be a short one.

Farragut was on shore the following day, when he got into a scrape which threatened to deprive the United States of one of its bravest youths.

He had ventured into the outskirts of the city, and was astonished at the poverty and squalor of the district. He turned to go back into the city, when he saw a big Peruvian beating a patient burro. He could not bear to see animals treated with cruelty at any time, but the big eyes of the donkey seemed to ask for his interference.

He quickened his steps toward the man, when a young girl, dressed in the picturesque garb of the country, caught hold of the man's arms and tried to take the stick from him.

"You shall not beat her, the poor, dear burro," she cried, in Spanish.

The man wrenched his arm free from her weak grasp, and brought the stick down on her bare shoulder. Farragut saw the blood spurt from the wound, and run down her red corset, staining the chemisette redder than the corset.

In an instant the young midgy had drawn his sword and rushed at the Peruvian. The girl who had been struck by the Peruvian now threw herself between the man and the young American, and began such a string of abuse in Spanish that made Farragut almost tremble.

The man lifted up the girl and threw her aside with such force that she fell into a lot of mud, in which some pigs had been wallowing, then he turned on Farragut and aimed a blow at him, which would have dashed out his brains had it reached his head.

The midgy dodged the blow and rushed at the Peruvian with his sword. He lunged forward, but the man parried the blow with his stick and nearly knocked the sword from the American's hand.

The girl cried; her shrieks seemed loud enough to rouse all the neighborhood; the donkey brayed in that peculiar fashion which is so expressive, and yet so discordant; the two combatants were silent, but terribly in earnest.

A crowd gathered, and soon the air was filled with their cries mingling with the other noises.

At first all were against the American, but when they

saw how young he was, and how well he kept up his side of the fight, some dared to show their sympathy for him.

The original cause of the quarrel was lost sight of, and the combat became one of nationalities. It was Peru against the United States. Once a blow had fallen on Farragut's left shoulder which nearly felled him, and placed him for an instant, apparently, at the mercy of his antagonist. It was only for an instant, for before the stick could again descend Farragut had made a lunge and pricked the Peruvian between the ribs. The man howled with pain, and the people cheered as they do at a bull fight when the bull tosses or gores a matador, or wounds a picador.

The cheers of the people, added to the pain, made the Peruvian savage, and he closed in upon the young American, hoping to be able to knock the sword from his hand, but Farragut saw the move, and, describing a circle with his sword, kept the man at bay.

Farragut was getting tired, and his antagonist, seeing it, threw away his club and drew from his cross-gartered stocking a long dagger. With this weapon raised ready to strike, he rushed at the American and tried by main force to disarm him.

Farragut's foot slipped, and he fell, his sword dropping from his hand as he did so.

Then an unexpected thing happened.

The girl, through whom the quarrel began, dashed forward, picked up the sword, and stood in front of the American, defying her countryman to touch her.

Farragut was on his feet in an instant, and the girl handed him his sword, first kissing the hilt, and then bowing very gracefully as he took the blade.

The people cheered uproariously, and urged the American to finish his opponent; but he could scarcely raise the sword—he was too exhausted.

The Peruvian saw his opportunity, and made a lunge at Farragut, who was powerless to defend himself.

It looked as though his last moment had come, but just at the supreme moment, when he had abandoned hope, the girl threw herself on the ground, caught hold of her countryman's legs, and pulled him down.

"Run!" she cried. "I will hold him."

"I will not run," answered the American.

"For my sake. You saved me, now let me save you."

As if to emphasize the words of the girl, a number of men who had admired the courage of the boy, caught hold of him and almost dragged him away.

Farragut, only twelve years old, was afraid that a charge of cowardice would be made against him at least in the minds of the Peruvians, and he struggled to get away from his would-be friends.

But before he could disengage himself he caught sight of the well-known uniform of the United States navy, and he no longer struggled.

"Midshipman Farragut, I have been sent in search of you. What means this conduct? Are you a prisoner?"

Lieutenant Downes had drawn his sword as he spoke, determined to rescue Farragut by force if he were a prisoner in the hands of the Peruvians.

"No, sir, I am not a prisoner, but—"

"He is the bravest boy that ever trod the free soil of Peru," said one of the men, who could speak English.

"Why do you say that?"

Then came a torrent of words telling of the young

middy's courage, of his daring, and how he had made himself loved by those who stood by and watched his encounter. This was all pleasing to the lieutenant, who felt that every compliment paid to Farragut was one also to the nation he represented.

Captain Porter had been very uneasy over the long absence of the young officer, and had sent the senior lieutenant with a squad of men in search of him.

David Farragut was welcomed back to the *Essex*, and, as there seemed no chance of falling in with any British vessels, orders were given to weigh anchor and set sail.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BRITISH WHALER.

"Ho, for the Galapagos Islands!"

The order made the hearts of the officers and crew beat fast, for the Galapagos Islands were a favorite calling place for British whalers, and in some of the numerous bays and lagoons rich prizes were sure to be found.

Ill fortune seemed to follow the *Essex*, for she sailed the waters about the islands without finding a sign of a ship.

For two weeks this unproductive cruise was continued, and Porter had resolved to abandon the islands, when he was roused from his berth by the welcome cry of "Sail, ho!"

The cry had hardly had time to melt away in the air before all hands were on deck, and every eye was strained to look for the sail.

A large ship was in the offing, and it was easy to see that it was a British vessel.

The men were so excited that they could scarcely restrain themselves. They wanted to cheer; they would have liked to run up the flag and salute it.

All sail was clapped on the frigate, and she set out in full pursuit of the foreign craft. At the masthead the *Essex* flew the British ensign as a ruse to disarm suspicion.

On flew the *Essex*, reducing the distance very perceptibly, when the lookout shouted:

"Sail, ho!"

Only a second passed before he repeated the cry:

"Sail, ho!"

And it was not a meaningless repetition, for two additional sail were sighted, and Porter knew that fortune had at last favored him, and that he had fallen in with the long-sought whalers.

"We will capture all three," he said to Lieutenant Downes, who stood by his side.

"They will be well armed."

"So much the better. When the noon calm falls over the ocean our boats can easily take possession."

By eight o'clock in the morning the first vessel sighted was near enough to be signaled.

The *Essex* signaled her to heave to, and the stranger asked what ship had made the demand.

An evasive answer was given, and in reply to Porter the stranger announced itself as the *Montezuma*, Captain Baxter.

Porter gave certain orders to Lieutenant Downes, and then invited Captain Baxter to come on board.

A boat was lowered from the *Montezuma*, and in a few

minutes the British captain was partaking of the hospitality of the American captain.

"I am pleased to find a British man-of-war in these waters," said the Englishman, "for there are some rich prizes to be taken."

"Rich prizes?" repeated Captain Porter.

"Yes; the American whalers have had extraordinary luck."

"You have not fared badly, have you?" insinuatingly asked the American.

"No; I have had splendid luck."

"Indeed? I am glad to hear it. Now, what might your cargo be worth?"

"I have fourteen hundred barrels of sperm-oil on board."

"I am very pleased to hear it. Have you no fear that it may be taken from you?"

"None whatever. The Yankees will never venture into these waters, for they have not ships enough, and the only one they had has gone to the bottom."

"Ah, what ship was that?"

"The *Essex*. She was sunk off Valparaiso in a gale."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I was in that port quite recently; in fact, just after the *Essex* had left, and the people were professing to feel badly because they had only just entertained the officers, and it was like losing relations, don't you know."

"I should say it would be. So the *Essex* has gone down?"

"Indeed she has, and right glad I am, for the captain was a very demon for fighting."

"What was his name?"

"Porter—David Porter—a man who never knew when he had been beaten."

"A brave man, then?"

"Yes; and if he had been on our side he would have been an admiral, but the Yankees—bah! I cannot help laughing at the idea of the United States thinking it could do anything on the seas. Did not Heaven give Britain command over the seas?"

Porter did not answer, he was too much amused at the report of his own death, and the loss of his ship.

"Of course, Britain is mistress of the seas," continued the captain of the *Montezuma*. "Only a fool would dispute it."

"Then you think the Americans have no chance?" queried Porter.

"Chance? Bah! Their government will be wiped out of existence, and instead of a nation, we shall see the States, as they call themselves, humbly begging to be admitted back again as colonies."

"You think so?"

"Yes; they have no Washington now. It was his magnetism which helped the rebels so much before. To-day they have a lot of pinhead statesmen, who can be outwitted at every point."

"But they have some good ships, have they not?"

"My dear sir, you have not been in these waters long, or you would not ask such a question. Why, their greatest man-of-war is only a 'bunch of pine boards under a bit of striped bunting.'"

Captain Baxter laughed as he repeated the well-known English description of the *Constitution*.

He laughed, and Captain Porter laughed, also; they

joined in a chorus of mirth until the cabin door opened and the face of Midshipman Farragut appeared.

"Is it all right, sir?" asked Porter.

"All right, captain."

The door was closed again, and the British captain was still laughing.

Captain Porter rose to his feet, and, with face more solemn than Baxter had seen it, he faced the Britisher.

"When you have finished your mirth at the expense of a great nation, I have something to say."

"Ha! ha! ha! That is good. A great nation! Well, I will listen to you."

"Then, sir, I have the honor to tell you that the *Essex* did not go down——"

"Not go down?"

"No, sir. It is a very lively vessel yet, as your crew can testify."

"My crew? What do they know?"

"They know that they are prisoners in the hold of the United States frigate *Essex*, and my prize crew is in possession of the *Montezuma*."

"Who in thunder are you?"

"Captain Porter, at your service."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HALF AN INCH FROM DEATH.

By J. B. G.

A number of years ago Fred Harris and I were traveling in the Far West. He was the son of a wealthy family in Louisiana, and from his boyhood had been a hunter, and was, therefore, perfectly familiar with the backwoods life. It was in the evening, the sun had but just set, and we were looking for a suitable camping place in which to pass the night. We soon found a little plot, in which the tall prairie grass seemed to have softened down into a soft, green turf. We lit our fire, for we had not the slightest fear of Indians, and, after making our supper of dried venison, lit our pipes.

But, soon becoming sleepy, we laid down, with a log for a pillow, and our blankets around us, and were soon in the arms of Morpheus. But I was soon awakened by the sharp ring of half a dozen rifles. Jumping to my feet, I saw my friend lying on the ground, his brain pierced through and through by the merciless bullets. In a moment my hands and feet were tied, and I was violently thrown to the ground by a couple of brawny savages. Soon all was again quiet, for it was but little after midnight. I then discovered, by the talk of the two sentinels, that our camp fire had been discovered by the party of Indians, who were encamped within a hundred rods of us, and that they had only waited for us to fall asleep in order that they might carry out their design. There were in the party full a half dozen of well-armed savages. Soon the sentinels began to nod, and their heads to drop. Now was my time. By much laborious effort I at last succeeded in severing the cords that bound my hands on the sharp edge of a rock near which I was lying. It was but the work of an instant to loose my feet, and I was free. But at my first attempt to rise the guard started up. I sank down again, and in a few minutes all was again quiet. Then, slowly and cautiously, I began to work myself along toward a neighboring rock

some three or four feet in height. I had just got behind this when I heard a noise in the camp I had just left. I immediately rolled down a short but steep hill into the waters of a considerable creek. Fortunately the night was very dark, and I was swiftly carried downstream by the current. It was nearly a quarter of a mile below when I tried to get upon shore. I struck something with my foot which proved to be an old Indian canoe, which was partly floating upon the water, bottom end upward. I drew this in a little farther ashore, and quickly and silently got under it. In a short time I heard footsteps along the banks. They stopped near where I was, and commenced talking. They seemed to think that pursuit was useless as they had scoured the country near there, and had found no traces. Soon coming down to the canoe, one of the number pulled it up farther on the bank, and all sat down upon it, strange to say, without discovering me. After resting a short time, they got up and walked away. In about an hour I cautiously crawled forth and continued my journey. The next day I fell in with a body of trappers, and two days after arrived at a settlement all safe and sound.

A CRAFTY DOG.

One summer afternoon a group of children were playing at the end of the pier. The proverbial careless child of the party made the proverbial backward step off from the pier into the water. None of his companions could save him, and their cries had brought no one from the shore.

Just as he was sinking for the third time a superb Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier into the water and pulled him out. Those of the children who did not accompany the boy home took the dog into a confectioner's on the shore, and fed him with as great a variety as he would eat. So far the story is, of course, only typical of scores of well-known cases. The individuality of this case is left for the sequel.

The next afternoon the same group of children were playing at the same place, when the canine hero of the day before came trotting down to them with the most friendly wags and nods. There being no occasion this time for supplying him with delicacies, the children only stroked and patted him.

The dog, however, had not come out of pure sociability. A child in the water and cakes stood to him in the close and obvious relation of cause and effect; and if this relation was not clear to the children, he resolved to impress it upon them. Watching his opportunity, he crept up behind the child who was standing nearest to the edge of the pier, gave a sudden push which sent him into the water, then sprang in after him, and gravely brought him to shore—looking up for the cakes!

CHINESE CALENDAR.

The Chinese civil year is lunar, and consists of 12 months of 29 and 30 days alternately. In every three years a thirteenth month is added, to accommodate the variations of the solar and lunar years. But this is not entirely effected by such an arrangement, consequently the Chinese have a cycle of 60 years, in which period 22 intercalary months occur. The superstitions of that nation render the almanac of the utmost importance, as it

contains a statement of "lucky and unlucky days," in a manner somewhat resembling the impudent impostures of the same kind sold in other countries. The year is divided into 24 periods, corresponding to the position of the sun at its entrance into and at the middle of each sign of the zodiac. The Chinese day consists of 12 parts, or watches, called Shin, each equal to two hours of our reckoning. They begin at 11 o'clock p. m. Each part, or watch, is divided into eight parts, called pe, equivalent to 15 minutes of our time. A singular method of reckoning in China is that of using sticks made of clay and sawdust, which, by their gradual burning away, measure hours or days.

PRIMITIVE WATER PIPES.

London's water supply formerly came through wooden pipes. These were of the simplest construction, formed of the stems of small elm trees, drilled through the center, and cut in lengths of about six feet, one end being tapered so as to fit into the adjoining pipe. The wooden pipes, of which at one time more than 400 miles were in use, leaked considerably, decayed rapidly, burst during frosts, and were always troublesome. It was not until 1830 that they began to be superseded by cast iron, and a quarter of a century later some of the old wooden pipes were still in use.

THE COUNTRY FOR DUELS.

There are more duels in Italy than in any other country. In the ten years 1879-89 there were in that country 2,759 duels. In France, the next country for most frequent dueling, there were 847 duels fought in the fifteen years, 1870-85, besides many between officers and between private soldiers, which are scarcely ever recorded in the newspapers. In the United States and all English-speaking countries dueling is both discountenanced and ridiculed.

HE RAISED THE BID.

"I wonder why it is," asked a physician the other day, "that nothing so surely provokes a laugh as a fall?"

"I will explain the mystery," said his friend. "A fall arouses laughter because it is unexpected, and therefore ludicrous. If a man could descend to the pavement slowly, as a feather floats downward, there would be time for the mind to prepare for the shock, and the element of the ludicrous would disappear."

This is true of all humor; unpremeditated or unconscious wit being always most keenly enjoyed. An apt illustration of this principle occurred during an auction sale the other day.

During an interval of the sale, a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation.

Presently he stood aside, and the auctioneer rapped attention with his little hammer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocketbook containing fifteen hundred dollars. He offers two hundred dollars for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair, and cried excitedly:

"I'll give three hundred."

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Says Farm-reared Babies Are Better.

Babies born on the farm have all others bested, according to Colonel John Golobie, of Guthrie, Okla., a bachelor, who as president of the Cimarron Valley Fair Association is barring all but farm babies from a "better baby" contest.

"I believe that such a contest, where only babies from the farm are shown, will excel anything of the kind that has been attempted in the country," declares Colonel Golobie. "They will, beyond a doubt, present as healthful appearance as any bunch of children ever assembled, because on the farm they are reared more in the open air, get more and better fresh air, and, as a rule, they get fat, round, and good-natured. My only reason for barring babies from the cities, towns, and villages is to show the best in the baby line in the country. I want the town people to understand it remains, in great part, with the people on the farm to keep the race sturdy, energetic, and wholesome."

New Alphabet for Chinese.

Greater than any change that has taken place in China during the centuries is the contemplated one of changing the Chinese alphabet. Just how this will be taken by the Orientals affected, and how long it will take to introduce the new alphabet cannot be conjectured, but that it will be welcomed by Europeans and Americans interested in Chinese literature and affairs is certain.

The new alphabet is to have forty-two letters or characters. These forty-two letters will take the place of the thousands of ideograms that go to make up China's written language. At the present time the student of Chinese must memorize 8,000 ideograms or characters, with their queer little quirks and curlicues, before he can begin to learn anything, to understand the written language, or to communicate in it. And the memorizing of the 8,000 characters is really the beginning of learning the language, for every one of the queer Chinese marks means some sound, some syllable, or some object.

The characters for the consonants are some of the Chinese ideograms which came the closest to suiting the sounds and some few letters taken from other alphabets. The vowel characters were more difficult to handle and four of them are taken from the Greek, four from Russian, five from Latin, and one from Chinese. Of the nine remaining vowels, two are modified signs now in use and seven are reversed ideograms.

With the forty-two characters it will be a comparatively simple matter to make a Chinese typewriter.

Carrigan Is Clever Strategist of Game.

William F. Carrigan has now reached a place in baseball, as the newly appointed manager of the Boston world's champions, to demand what may be called a new introduction to the "fans."

He is generally known as a strong, capable catcher, not a star of the first magnitude, but an all-around clever and brainy player. In the world's series last year Cady did the bulk of the catching for the Boston Red Sox, but Carrigan, even while on the bench, was not idle, and was

credited with lending much valuable advice to Jake Stahl, the manager, and to Captain Wagner on the strategy of the game.

One of the baseball writers on the *Boston Globe* tells of the baseball career of Carrigan, who was appointed manager of the Red Sox when Jake Stahl was deposed, as follows:

Bill Carrigan is a native of Maine. He was born in Lewiston, October 22, 1883; learned the rudiments of the game on the stubble fields about his native city; advanced to a greater degree of proficiency while a member of the Lewiston High School team, of which he was captain, and then entered Holy Cross College, at Worcester.

There Carrigan shone first as a football player. He was aggressive, strong, and determined. For two years he played football at tackle, but finally had to quit because of an injury received in a stubbornly contested game.

That injury, sustained during his sophomore year, was really the starting of Carrigan's brilliant baseball career, for while he was far better than the average country lad as a ball player, it was not until his junior year at Holy Cross that he devoted himself entirely to baseball, although he had played in his first two years.

He began in right field, but was moved behind the bat by Tommy McCarthy, the old Brooklyn and Boston player, who was coaching the team at that time, and showing an aptitude, there he stayed. Carrigan has always felt that McCarthy did much in developing his natural ability.

Carrigan's professional baseball career, with the exception of a few months which were spent with a semi-professional team at Winthrop, Maine, and later with the Toronto team, of the Eastern League, in 1907, where he was sent for a little seasoning, has been confined entirely to Boston. He is the veteran of the present team, preceding all the other members in point of service in a Boston uniform.

One of the youngest managers, and admittedly one of the most brainy players in the game, Carrigan has been a consistently great backstop since his advent into major-league baseball.

Even as a boy in knickerbockers, when he caught, pitched, and played almost every position on the team, he gave promise of developing into a remarkable player some day, and when he concluded his studies at Lewiston High School a brilliant baseball future was predicted for him.

That he fulfilled all these prophecies was proven at Holy Cross, for in his senior year experienced scouts of a number of major-league teams cast longing eyes in his direction.

Carrigan himself, while attending the high school in his home city, had received flattering offers from managers of semiprofessional teams, but his mother insisted that he should have a college education, and his father, John E. Carrigan, proprietor of a grocery store, was equally obdurate. William must first have an adequate education to fit himself for the battles of the world, and then he could decide for himself.

By the time he had almost finished his studies at Holy Cross, however, Carrigan himself had experienced a change of heart relative to entering baseball as a profession, and

the baseball world, and particularly Boston, nearly lost a brilliant player in consequence.

Besieged with offers to join professional teams, Carrigan steadfastly refused until in February, 1906, it was reported that Fred Lake, then managing the Lowell New England League team, had signed him for his team, and that Carrigan would report at the conclusion of his college term. This rumor Carrigan vehemently denied, and reported to the college authorities that he had no intention of becoming a professional ball player.

Carrigan was a great college player—his playing had bordered on the phenomenal. As a batter he averaged well over .300. His fielding, too, was superb, his average for the college season ranking him well up with the catchers of the larger college teams.

It was somewhat of a surprise, therefore, when, in view of his continued refusals of flattering offers to join other big-league teams, he signed a contract with the Boston American League team, and reported for duty at the completion of his college course.

Just how Carrigan was made to change his mind, or what pressure was brought to bear, has long since been forgotten, if indeed those details were ever made public. However, Carrigan joined the ranks of the Boston team, and in thirty-seven games that season batted for .211.

Early the next year, May 4, 1907, it was deemed prudent to permit him to acquire more experience—experience that could not be obtained in the big league, and he was accordingly released to the Toronto team, of the Eastern League.

As a member of the Maple Leafs, Carrigan was a sensation. His fielding attracted attention all over the circuit, and managers of the clubs in the National and American Leagues attempted to negotiate for his purchase, only to find that the Boston club still had strings attached to the Maine boy. He had batted for an average of .319 while a member of the Toronto team, and at the close of the season President John I. Taylor was quick to recall him. He played with success during 1907 and 1908.

Carrigan was sorely needed after Lou Criger, the mainstay behind the bat, was sold to St. Louis in 1909, and Bill filled in splendidly. His sunny disposition, his aggressive, determined manner, while participating in a game, and his timely hitting made him feared and respected by the members of opposing teams.

He had been back with the Boston team only one season when he learned most of the peculiarities and weaknesses of his opponents.

But it was not until last year that Carrigan's value to the team was determined. With Heinie Wagner, the Red Sox shortstop, Bill became the "board of strategy" of the team when it was making its fight for the American League championship.

Night after night, when most of the other players were asleep, Carrigan and Wagner could be found wide awake planning the campaign of the morrow, figuring out the strength and weaknesses of the Red Sox, and weighing the shortcomings and handicaps of their opponents.

Giants' Groundkeeper Dead.

John J. Murphy, who kept the grass green and the diamond smooth at the Polo Grounds for many years, was found dead in bed at his home recently.

Murphy was 70 years old, and was known by all the baseball men who have visited the Brush Stadium since

he first became groundkeeper. He was a quaint old fellow, ever loyal to the Giants, and he bore the name of the best groundkeeper in the country. John McGraw brought him to New York from Baltimore a dozen years ago.

Panama Legend May Prove True.

Panama, like many other countries of Latin America, has its legend of a lost mine; one said to have been wonderfully rich in gold in the early days of the conquest; then destroyed by the Indians, and for the past three centuries completely lost to the world. Some light is now thrown on its whereabouts by reason of recent earthquakes.

Costa Rica and Panama have long quarreled over their boundary lines, both claiming an immense tract of country in the vicinity of the Santa Clara range of mountains and the continental divide. The isthmus at this point, some 200 miles to the west of the canal, varies in width from fifty to eighty miles, and from these two divides run down in every direction hundreds of swift mountain torrents; those to the north emptying into the Chiriqui Lagoon and Caribbean Sea, those to the south, after traversing dense tropical forests and vast open ranges, reaching the broad Pacific through the Gulf of Dulce and the Bay of David.

The backbone of the isthmus in this part of Panama is 5,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level, while the peaks of Hornito, Horqueta, Picacho, and, highest of all, El Volcan, rise skyward even higher, the latter towering nearly 12,000 feet above the seas that wash its base.

Looking northward from the summit of El Volcan, the Chiriqui Lagoon seems to lie directly at one's feet, although twenty miles away; southward thirty-five miles the island-dotted Pacific stretches over the horizon. In the immediate foreground, thousands of feet down the sulphur-coated rock sides, stretch away vast silvas, impenetrable jungle forests, yawning ravines, and nearer the ocean to the south beautiful green savannahs, through which run the mountain streams that have their headwaters in the valleys immediately below.

Somewhere on these precipitous slopes, hidden in the fastnesses of jungle run rampant for ages, or in the abysmal depths of a gorge cut down through solid rock, lies the lost gold mine of the Talamanca Indians, once known to the Spanish conquistadores, stolen by them from its native owners, worked for the crown of Spain with the labor of the Indians who had been reduced to slavery by their conquerors; lost—the mine which was long considered one of the richest jewels of Castilla de Oro, that part of the New World in which El Dorado, "The Land of Gold," was supposed to be situated.

The fact that it has been lost for more than three centuries is a lasting monument to the avenging hand of the outraged and vanquished race from whom it was wrested by reckless Spanish despoilers in their lust for gold; its mouth sealed up at the time of the last massacre by the mutinous slaves after they had killed their taskmasters; in all probability never to be found again save by the merest accident.

But the revenge of the Indian, although enduring for centuries, could not absolutely provide against everything, especially against the forces of nature.

The Costa Rican earthquake of May, 1910, by unearthing records long buried in the archives of the capital, has thrown a light on the subject which may prove of great

value in clearing up some of the points left in doubt by the documents found in 1834, and has again stimulated the intrepid prospector to take up the search for the lost mine.

The additional fact that the new La Union Mine in this locality, as well as the Abangarez Mine, are daily proving more convincingly the existence of rich gold-bearing quartz deposits in this section of the isthmus, afford greater grounds for the belief that the lost Talamanca Mine was at one time in existence and operation, and is not one of the numerous mythical mines conceived in the fertile brain of the early Spanish chroniclers.

Tribute to the Horse.

In an eloquent tribute to the horse, published in the prize lists for the recent show at Empire City Park, N. Y., John Trotwood Moore says of the past and the future of man's best friend and helpmate:

"Out from the past, the dim, bloody, shifting past, came this noble animal, the horse, side by side with man, fighting with him the battles of progress, bearing with him the burdens of the centuries. Down the long, hard road, through flint or mire, through swamp or sand, wherever there has been a footprint, there also will be seen a hoof-print. They have been one and inseparable, the aim and the object, the means and the end. And if the time shall ever come, as some boastingly declare, when the one shall breed away from the other, the puny relic of a once perfect manhood will not live long enough to trace the record of it on the tablet of time."

Real Prince Goes Hunting With "Buffalo Bill."

The Prince of Monaco, Albert I., owner of Monte Carlo the famous gambling resort, started a short time ago with "Buffalo Bill" Cody from Cody, Wyo., on a hunting expedition in the Rockies of Wyoming. This visit of the prince will be the first ever made to the United States by an actual "reigning sovereign" of Europe.

"I'll give the prince a handsome time of it," says Colonel Cody.

Can Freeze Out Hay Fever.

Refrigeration may be used to cure hay fever and to prevent collars and cuffs from getting ragged edges by cooling them in the ironing room was the information given to delegates to the International Congress on Refrigeration, at Chicago, by S. S. van der Vaart, of Chicago, who spoke on the growth of the refrigeration industry in America.

He cited that other uses to which refrigeration is put include: Extracting gasoline from natural gas, testing delicate machinery, fighting destructive insect pests on fruit trees and vines, preserving delicate ferns, fruit, and grain seeds, and prolonging animal hibernation.

Crosses Country to Pay Debt of \$5.

Legrand Jackson, a 90-year-old jeweler, of South Norwalk, Conn., has more faith to-day in human nature than he ever had before. Jackson was visited by a stranger who insisted on his taking \$5, with interest which had accrued for the past fifty years. While Jackson did not understand what the money was for, he accepted it and then was given an explanation.

His caller was Samuel Hitchcock, now of California, who has amassed wealth in the West, and who returned

to pay back \$5 he borrowed a half century ago from the jeweler's brother, Alfred Jackson, now dead. He borrowed the money at a time when he needed help to get West, where he sought his fortune in the gold fields.

Steals Horse from Sheriff.

Sheriff George Ross, of Dallas County, Iowa, is some sleuth. For the past two months he has trailed horse thieves over the State, capturing that ancient "bad man," Tom Dickerson, recovering much of the stolen property, and supposedly striking terror to the hearts of the remaining robbers.

Sheriff Ross came to Iowa City and stabled his valuable horse in the barn at the city jail. The next morning he found that a desperado had made off with the horse. Sheriff Ross will now devote some time to looking for his own property.

Stolen Biscuits Kill Boy.

Biscuits that had been dosed with poison, in preparation for scattering them about a warehouse, in Jersey City, to rid the place of rats, caused the death of Anthony Stoboski, 8 years old, and several other boys are in serious condition as a result of having tasted the biscuits, which they stole. The Stoboski boy had nothing to do with the theft, but he came upon the other lads near the warehouse, and was permitted to share the feast.

Find Convict in Airshaft.

John Kilbride, a Brooklyn murderer, missing a day from his cell in Sing Sing prison, was knocked out of an airshaft with a pole. Keeper Kruse, hunting for the fugitive, jabbed the long pole into the airshaft on a chance. He met first with active resistance, then with squeals of pain. After several vigorous jabs Kilbride tumbled to the floor and was led back to his cell.

Two Missing Boys Found Dead in Field.

John Rys and George Dimer, aged 14 and 13, respectively, were found dead in a field near Havelock, Neb. They had been missing three days.

They were locked in each other's arms. The coroner's theory is that one of the boys was injured, and that the other, attempting to carry him, was overcome by the heat and both perished from exhaustion.

Indians to Build Roads.

A plan by which the Nez Perce Indians, through government aid, are to contribute to the good-roads movement in Nez Perce County, Idaho, has been effected by County Engineer Eugene Booth and Indian Agent Theodore Sharp.

The roads movement for the northern part of the county embraces the building of a modern highway through the Lapwai Valley from Culdesac to Joseph, together with tributary highways serving the farming districts.

The maps and plans of the county showing the proposed highway are being prepared and will be sent to the department of Indian affairs for inspection.

The cost is estimated at \$200,000.

Lands 355-pound Fish.

Establishing what is said to be a world record with rod and reel, W. C. Boschen, of New York, brought to gaff off Catalina Island, Cal., a 355-pound sword fish, after a

fight lasting ninety-two minutes. The fish was twelve feet in length, with a sword four feet long and seven inches wide at the base.

Farmers Flock to Canada.

A special train carrying more than 200 homesteaders arrived at Calgary, Canada, recently. The immigrants came from all sections of the United States, but mainly from the Middle West, and included many owners of large farms in Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, South Carolina, and New Mexico.

On arrival the whole party was taken for a trip around Calgary and subsequently dispersed to various localities in Alberta to select their farms.

Teaching a Hippo to Sing.

It doesn't take much experience as an animal trainer to teach a lion to jump through a hoop or to make a tiger roll over and play dead, but when it comes to giving lessons in singing to a hippopotamus and teaching him to play tag and dance, the man who does the instructing has to have a lot of patience.

"Jim" Crowley, of the Central Park menagerie, in New York, has managed it and now he is the proudest trainer in the world, because he can give exhibitions with Calpin II., the son of Miss Murphy. Calpin II. is nearly 8 years old, and is larger and better natured than his mother. Crowley is the only man who has the nerve to show what the huge river horse can do and the concerts are a daily event in the park, where they always have a large audience. Many circus men have tried to buy Calpin as a result of his high-school training, but he is not for sale. His favorite musical number is "The Song of the Nile," which contains more noise than music, and he likes tag better than any other game, roaring with delight as he pursues his keeper or is pursued.

Grasshoppers Eat Rope.

A swarm of grasshoppers that alighted on a rope supporting a scaffold and cut through the strands nearly caused the death of a workman, at Warrensburg, Mo.

Daniel Laughman, a carpenter, seventy, was working on the scaffold thirty feet from the ground while building a silo on the farm of Jesse Mohler. After the grasshoppers had feasted on the corn near the silo they gradually collected on the rope supporting the scaffold, and suddenly one end lurched downward and Laughman was severely bruised by his fall.

Steps on a Catamount.

While hunting groundhogs near Ohiopyle, Pa., John W. Tressler engaged in a battle with a catamount. The animal was killed, but not until after it had fatally mangled Tressler's best dog and badly used up two others. It weighed fifty-five pounds. Tressler shot at a groundhog. Running toward the spot where the animal had been seen he stepped upon the catamount, which showed fight. Tressler, his gun empty, used the butt to ward off the attack, and the dogs rushed in, allowing him time to reload and get in a fatal shot.

2,294 Sealskins.

The steamer *Homer*, under charter to the United States government, has arrived at San Francisco, Cal., from the Pribilof Islands and Unalaska with a cargo of 2,294 seal-

skins and thousands of fox skins, including a large number of rare and costly skins of the silver fox.

The United States exercises a guardianship over the northern group of islands, in accordance with foreign treaties, and to pay the cost of guarding the seals from poachers the government is permitted to kill a certain number of seals and foxes each season for the skins. The steamer *Homer* makes two trips a year to the islands to take in supplies and bring out the furs.

The Deadly Grade Crossing.

Forty-four deaths was the toll taken by railroad crossings in the United States during August.

Reports of the fatalities show that the crossing crashes took place in all parts of the country. Most of those killed were traveling in automobiles. Six persons died in one collision. In two others five perished, among them several small children. In the majority of cases the drivers were cautious and had no warning of the approach of fast trains. They were not "joy riders."

The slaughter, at the rate of more than one victim every day, sums up as follows.

Camden, N. Y.—Woman and 5-year-old daughter killed when auto was struck by train at crossing.

New York.—Six men killed when auto was struck by train at crossing.

Madisonville, Ky.—Two men killed when auto was wrecked by train at crossing.

Chicago.—Man killed when auto was struck by train in Melrose Park.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Four men killed when train struck auto.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Man killed when train struck auto.

Carrollton, Mo.—Six persons, including two men and their wives, killed when auto was struck by train.

Hammond, Ind.—Five persons, including man, wife, and their two children, killed when train struck auto.

Higbee, Mo.—Two men and woman killed when train struck auto.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Five persons, an entire family and a guest killed when train struck auto.

Kankakee, Ill.—Woman and daughter killed when train struck auto.

Bloomington, Ill.—Man killed when auto was struck at crossing.

Marengo, Iowa.—Woman killed when train struck auto.

Tracy, Minn.—Two women killed when train struck auto.

Woodbury, N. J.—Woman and daughter killed when train struck auto.

No effort was made to list the number of persons injured in crossing collisions, but hundreds were maimed during the month of August. There were scores of accidents in which no deaths were reported.

September will probably show a larger total of deaths, as already there have been more than a dozen, all of them, like those of August, having occurred on public highways which the railroads should have no right to cross at grade.

Hunting an Elephant Flea.

Every day brings with it some strange happening at the Central Park zoo, in New York, but the one which has gone on record was the day when two pretty girls tackled the keeper at the elephant house.

"We are looking," said one of them, "for the flea from an elephant. Our aunt is a great sufferer from neuralgia,

and a friend of ours told us that if we could get an elephant flea and let it sting her the neuralgia would disappear."

But the keeper could not discover any flea on the hide of the elephant.

Honey Bees Break Up Spelling Bee.

Angered because of the excessive whispering during a "spelling bee," H. E. Sherman, teacher in the Somers, Wis., village school, was about to administer corporal punishment to a number of his pupils when he was forestalled by an energetic colony of honey bees.

Sherman, rod in hand, was set upon by the bee vanguard and immediately the "spelling bee" buzzed in the wildest confusion. It was found that several colonies of bees had taken possession of the schoolhouse during the summer.

Comet Rushing Toward Us.

Metcalf's comet, the latest fiery courser of the starry universe, discovered recently, is rushing toward the earth at the rate of many thousands of miles an hour. Astronomers have been sitting up nights in the great observatories, watching the progress of the new wanderer, which is visible on the northern horizon, through telescopes, about midnight.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., has succeeded in getting photographs of the comet, which is so far away that the astronomers cannot tell within a hundred million miles how near it is. It seems to be without a tail. There is no fear of any danger to the earth. The earth passed through the tail of Halley's comet three years ago, and it did not do us a bit of harm. The Metcalf comet is located in the constellation Lynx.

President's Daughter Denied Lower Berth.

When Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of the president, learned on her train ride from New York to Cornish, N. H., that there were no lower berths, a Mr. Howe, husband of her cousin, explained the situation to all the male occupants of lower berths.

"They all said the same thing," said Howe, "that the president's daughter could sleep in an upper berth as well as any one else."

Live Sporting News.

The wonderful control possessed by the New York Giants' twirlers makes it one of the most effective staffs in the country. Mathewson, Demaree, and Marquard can put the ball over just where it belongs. Tesreau is rather wild at times, but has an unusually large supply of speed.

In thirty games Gus Williams, outfielder of the St. Louis Browns, dropped but one fly ball.

In a recent game, Pitcher Walter Johnson, of the Washington team threw but ninety-six balls in eleven innings.

Connie Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, turned Cy Morgan loose as worthless, and now the Cincinnati Reds have paid \$10,000 for him.

"Babe" Adams, star pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates, is the real iron man of the National League, with 264 innings pitched in thirty-six games.

The Thief River Falls Indians won the championship of

northwestern Minnesota by defeating Warren, Minn., 15 to 0. The Falls team lost one out of eleven games played.

All of the major-league clubs will be able to carry more than twenty-five players from now on, and many new faces are expected to be found.

Roy Mitchell, the St. Louis Browns' young heaver, has been found for 288 hits this season, more than any other pitcher in the American League.

The Beaumont Texas League team has used no fewer than forty-seven players this season. The club is nevertheless pretty well down in the Texas League standing.

The St. Louis Browns has purchased Pitcher Jacobs and Catcher Hale from the Burlington Pathfinders. They formed one of the classiest batteries in the Central Association this year.

Two Waters from this Well.

A well from which two different kinds of water can be drawn is the novelty which Peter Fuhrmann has on his place, at River Rapids, Mich. When drilling the well at the depth of eighty-five feet Fuhrmann struck a vein of mineral water with a salty taste. He piped the vein and a continual flow of water resulted. Desiring clear drinking water, Fuhrmann continued to drill, and at a depth of 260 feet he struck a flow of water as clear as crystal. This was also piped and by the use of valves the same pipe gives forth either a laxative sulphur water or the clear, cold water of the deeper vein.

Wills Enemy Her Shoestrings.

A pair of old shoestrings bequeathed to a relative by marriage with whom she had not been on friendly terms for three years is only one of a number of odd items in the will of Matilda Tommet, of Milwaukee, Wis.

The shoestrings go to a woman. To another relative is given "my best bed spread and one-half of my best towels." Chickens and chicken feed are left to some other person, while vegetables, fruits, pickles, and a pail of lard, also "father's old clock," are disposed of to another.

Lighthouse Keeper Stays at Post.

Trembling upon the edge of a yawning, whirling sea, the historic Hereford Light, at Anglesea, N. J., is flashing its warning to sailors with part of its foundations and living apartments washed away. Captain F. H. Hewitt, who has tended this light thirty-nine years, sits beside the delicate mechanism, determined that it shall flash its message of safety to the very last moment.

The strong tides which come at this season have eaten into the stratum of quicksand which underlies the gravel surface of the upper end of the island. Two abutments and part of the residence portion have been washed away and fear is expressed that the building cannot be saved.

Reindeer for Aleutians.

To transport reindeer from the mainland of Alaska to the Aleutian Islands to feed the destitute natives is the task which has been assigned to Commodore George R. Salisbury, retired, of the United States navy. He undertakes the mission at the request of the department of agriculture, and will have a revenue cutter at his disposal to carry the animals.

"Up to the present time these people have been kept in abject poverty by the rapacity of traders," said the commodore, in an interview. "The traders visit them to buy

furs, paying five to ten per cent of the actual value, and then selling to the ignorant natives flour at a profit of two hundred to three hundred per cent."

It is believed that the establishment of reindeer herds on the islands, which are now destitute of them, will go far to render the inhabitants less dependent upon the trader for their supplies. Eskimo herders will be taken along to care for the deer for a time at least.

The poor harbors in these islands, inadequate facilities for loading and unloading and the weather conditions that prevail in the northern seas make the task of transportation a difficult one, requiring several months' time.

Many Indians to Attend School.

Indian students from the five civilized tribes were sent to the vocational schools in car lots this autumn. For the first time in the history of the five tribes the Indians seem to have awakened to a knowledge of the benefits of vocational training and are eager to enroll their boys and girls at the Haskell School, Lawrence, Kan., or at Chilocco, Okla. More than three hundred new students from the different tribes will be enrolled in these two schools this fall. Haskell opened September 4 and Chilocco September 15.

For a long time the Indians objected to sending their children to schools where the boys would be taught farming, carpentry, engineering, blacksmithing, and other industrial arts, and where the girls would be given a thorough training in the domestic arts and sciences.

It was a long, hard struggle to keep the Indian children even slightly interested and to keep them at work. There were many complaints that the boys and girls were shirking and sometimes deserting the schools.

All of this is changing. The parents are becoming eager to enroll the children, and the boys and girls themselves are enthused over the work. Supervisor Brown thinks this may be due to the fact that the Indians of the five tribes are becoming more and more identified with commercial work, and so are gaining a broader outlook.

Qualifications for admission to either of these Indian schools are that the student must have good health, and must be of half or more Indian blood, fourteen years of age, above the third grade in his or her studies, and with no record of a former desertion from any school.

With Broken Hand Goes Dozen Rounds.

With his right hand broken in the fifteenth round, Bart Gordon, of Oklahoma City, Okla., refused to quit in his fight with Joe Herrick, of Kewanee, Ill., and not until the thirty-second round did Herrick win in their contest in the Juarez arena. Gordon's seconds threw the sponge into the ring. The fight was scheduled for forty-five rounds.

Fear of Spitball Ruin to Pitchers.

Many a young spitball pitcher has been ruined or nearly ruined because a catcher tries to make him change his delivery.

Some catchers are either too lazy to back up a spitball artist or are afraid of the fast-breaking shoots, so they keep signaling for curves or straight balls until the twirler loses control of what he already possesses.

Of course we are referring to recruit twirlers in this discussion. Older heads wouldn't take that kind of stuff from the incompetent backstop.

The hardship can easily be seen when the same catcher

works with the pitcher practically every game he works. After throwing curve after curve and not using the spitball it isn't long before his arm begins to go back on him, especially so when he isn't a regular curve-ball worker.

In addition to this, if the pitcher makes any complaint, the catcher spreads the report that the kid's spitter isn't worth a hang and doesn't break enough to baffle the batter, so he says he has to keep calling for the curve. This is the way he meets the objections of the recruit. It is generally a catcher who is afraid of his own job and hasn't enough principle to get out and hustle.

It must be discouraging to the youngster who believes in his own ability to throw the spitter and realizes he is a goner if he tries anything else.

The Ball Trust Bungaboo.

It is rumored that Charles H. Ebbets, president of the Brooklyn Club, may sell out his interests in the Newark (N. J.) Club, of the International League. The tip is out that major-league magnates must dispose of minor-league holdings in order to thwart possible Federal investigation into an alleged Baseball Trust. In the event of sale it is quite likely that the Newark franchise will be purchased by Mihlon and Upperou, who now control the Newark Velodrome, a bicycle track. Both these gentlemen are anxious to engage in the promotion of the national pastime. The Newark Club has had a very successful financial season so far. It is estimated that \$30,000 has been cleared this year.

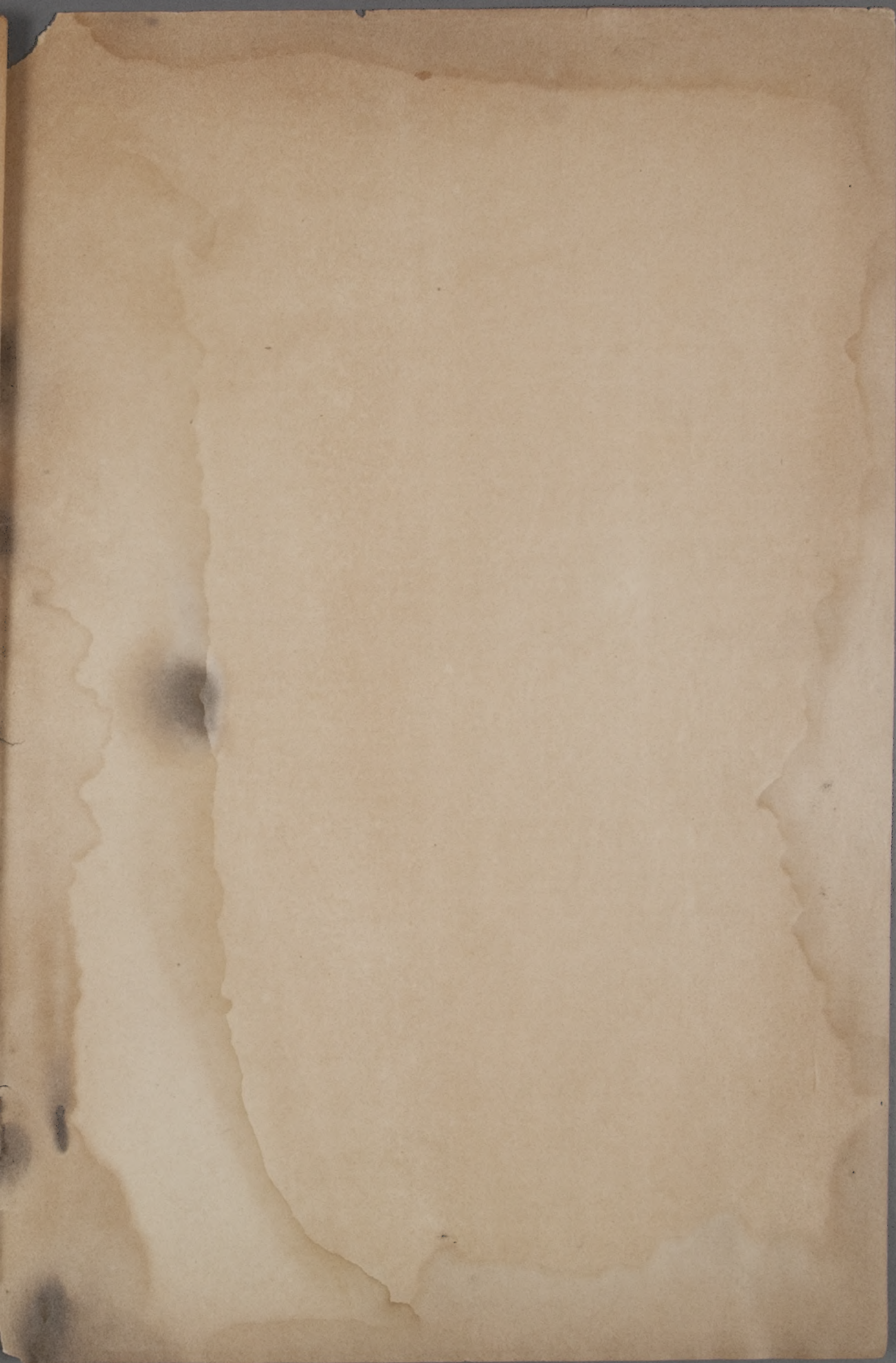
Boy Edits and Owns Magazine.

Editor W. W. C. Griffen, fourteen years old, of Wheaton, Ill., came to New York to describe the national amateur golf tournament, which was played recently at Garden City, L. I., for his magazine, the *Young American Golfer*.

Besides being the editor of the magazine young Griffen is also the publisher, business manager, and owner. In fact, he is the magazine. Although in knickerbockers, he impresses one as having more hustling energy, ability, and get-up-and-go stuff in him than many twice his age. He says his magazine is now selling its advertising space for just fifteen times as much as it did when he started it three years ago.

Young Griffen became an apprentice at the age of seven in the printing shop which prints the monthly magazine of Wheaton College. During his spare time he caddied. One of his patrons on the links was Joseph T. Talbert, vice president of the National City Bank, of New York. Mr. Talbert suggested to Griffen that he start a golf magazine, promising to subscribe in advance for 100 years. Griffen accepted the proposition and bought a small printing press, paying for it \$5 down and the balance \$10 a month. He hustled for other subscribers and advertising. His advertising rates at first were \$1 a page. Subscriptions came slow, but young Griffen stuck to it and after a short time began to get results. Now he has 5,000 subscribers, among others President Wilson and ex-President Taft and Roosevelt. He stumped for Roosevelt in the recent presidential campaign.

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- 434—Buffalo Bill's Bracelet of Gold.
- 435—Buffalo Bill and the Border Baron.
- 436—Buffalo Bill at Salt River Ranch.
- 437—Buffalo Bill's Panhandle Man-hunt.
- 438—Buffalo Bill at Blossom Range.
- 439—Buffalo Bill and Juniper Joe.
- 440—Buffalo Bill's Final Scoop.
- 441—Buffalo Bill at Clearwater.
- 442—Buffalo Bill's Winning Hand.
- 443—Buffalo Bill's Cinch Claim.
- 444—Buffalo Bill's Comrades.
- 445—Buffalo Bill in the Bad Lands.
- 446—Buffalo Bill and the Boy Bugler.
- 447—Buffalo Bill and the Heathen Chinese.
- 448—Buffalo Bill and the Chink War.
- 450—Buffalo Bill's Secret Message.
- 451—Buffalo Bill and the Horde of Her-mosa.
- 452—Buffalo Bill's Lonesome Trail.
- 453—Buffalo Bill's Quarry.
- 454—Buffalo Bill in Deadwood.
- 455—Buffalo Bill's First Aid.
- 456—Buffalo Bill and Old Moonlight.
- 457—Buffalo Bill Repaid.
- 458—Buffalo Bill's Throwback.
- 459—Buffalo Bill's "Sight Unseen."
- 460—Buffalo Bill's New Pard.
- 461—Buffalo Bill's "Winged Victory."
- 462—Buffalo Bill's Pieces-of-eight.
- 463—Buffalo Bill and the Eight Vaqueros.
- 464—Buffalo Bill's Unlucky Sleeta.
- 465—Buffalo Bill's Apache Clue.
- 466—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Totem.
- 467—Buffalo Bill's Golden Wonder.
- 468—Buffalo Bill's Fiesta Night.
- 469—Buffalo Bill and the Hatchet Boys.
- 470—Buffalo Bill and the Mining Shark.
- 471—Buffalo Bill and the Cattle Barons.
- 472—Buffalo Bill's Long Odds.
- 473—Buffalo Bill, the Peacemaker.
- 474—Buffalo Bill's Promise to Pay.
- 475—Buffalo Bill's Diamond Hitch.
- 476—Buffalo Bill and the Wheel of Fate.
- 477—Buffalo Bill and the Pool of Mystery.
- 481—Buffalo Bill's Ultimatum.
- 482—Buffalo Bill's Test.
- 483—Buffalo Bill and the Ponca Raiders.
- 485—Buffalo Bill's Enigma.
- 486—Buffalo Bill's Blockade.
- 487—Buffalo Bill and the Gilded Chique.
- 489—Buffalo Bill and the Boomers.
- 490—Buffalo Bill Calls a Halt.
- 492—Buffalo Bill's O. K.
- 494—Buffalo Bill's Transfer.
- 495—Buffalo Bill and the Red Horse Hunters.
- 498—Buffalo Bill at Tinaja Wells.
- 499—Buffalo Bill and the Men of Mendon.
- 500—Buffalo Bill at Rainbow's End.
- 501—Buffalo Bill and the Russian Plot.
- 502—Buffalo Bill's Red Triangle.
- 503—Buffalo Bill's Royal Flush.
- 504—Buffalo Bill's Tramp Pard.
- 506—Buffalo Bill's Crow Scouts.
- 507—Buffalo Bill's Opium Case.
- 508—Buffalo Bill's Witchcraft.
- 509—Buffalo Bill's Mountain Foes.
- 510—Buffalo Bill's Battle Cry.
- 511—Buffalo Bill's Fight for the Right.
- 512—Buffalo Bill's Barbecue.
- 513—Buffalo Bill and the Red Renegade.
- 514—Buffalo Bill and the Apache Kid.
- 515—Buffalo Bill and the Copper Barriers.
- 516—Buffalo Bill's Pacific Power.

- 517—Buffalo Bill and Chief Hawkchee.
- 518—Buffalo Bill and the Indian Girl.
- 519—Buffalo Bill Across the Rio Grande.
- 520—Buffalo Bill and the Headless Horse-man.
- 521—Buffalo Bill's Clean Sweep.
- 522—Buffalo Bill's Handful of Pearls.
- 523—Buffalo Bill's Pueblo Foes.
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